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Danger of Over-confidence

THE various polls devised to test the trend of party progress seem generally to agree that four-fifths of the country is evenly divided between the Labour and Conservative parties. The remainder is said to split, again almost equally, into those prepared to vote for the Liberals (or one of the small parties) and those who declare that they do not know which way they will vote. Constituency results will not necessarily correspond to this nice balance of party allegiance. In a system of single-Member seats, several factors can upset pollsters' forecasts. There are, first, straight fights in only one out of every five seats—a situation not paralleled since 1929. Secondly, aggregate votes are not evenly spread over the country: many Tory votes mean as little in Durham as Labour votes do in Surrey. Thirdly, if the balance corresponds roughly to the Gallup figures, a very small shift, either among the "don't knows" or on the fringes of one of the main parties, would be sufficient to translate a fractional electoral lead into a substantial majority at Westminster. In short, the betting odds can be no more than guesswork.

We are glad to notice that some Labour leaders are aware of the danger of over-confidence. We have reason to believe that it is deliberate Tory policy to encourage the easy Labour talk that "victory is in the bag." Labour supporters should remember that Mr. Dewey lost to Mr. Truman partly because many Republicans complacently stayed at home on the assumption that victory was theirs. On this analogy, Lord Woolton may well believe that Tory chances are good. If the campaign remains comparatively quiet, he may hope, with the aid of a far slicker party machine, to profit from his opponents' complacence. As for the efficiency of Tory organisation, we note the comment of an American journalist who remarked last week that the Tory Party had had nothing to do but to prepare for this election since 1945, while the Labour Party had been engrossed by almost insoluble national problems. Through its repeated canvassing, the Conservative Party may know where all the Conservative voters live and be sure of getting them to the poll. In contrast, the Labour organisation is often sketchy. Moreover, the great majority of Labour votes are cast between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. The worker gets home, has his tea and changes his clothes. He likes to walk to the polling station with his wife. If he believes that Labour will win in any case, if he has not been roused to enthusiasm, if he or his wife has grouses that they feel have not been completely removed—and if, as is likely in February, it is a dirty night—they may not take the trouble to vote at all.

The Tories have also been making strenuous efforts to attract a majority of the ten per cent. who at present refuse to commit themselves. With this in mind, Mr. Churchill drops unscrupulous hints that the Tories will somehow increase the motorists' petrol, although this country annually spends about 625 millions of its precious dollars on petroleum imports. Similarly, Lord Woolton suggests, without precisely promising, that a Tory Government will fill the housewife's shopping basket—never explaining how he reconciles a programme of reduced taxation and richer living with restoration of "the value of the pound." We may expect before polling day to be told that the Tories will also cut the cost of beer and cigarettes. There are rumours of this and other last-minute stunts—perhaps some spectacular ramp about "seizing" insurance policy funds or a story that American Business (without, of course, interfering in our internal affairs) will cut us off with a dollar if we nationalise iron and steel.

On the level of policy, Mr. Churchill has deftly turned to account the public desire for renewed negotiations with the Kremlin on atomic disarmament. Without directly committing himself to any specific proposal—let alone the McMahon scheme—he has contrived to give the impression that, as Premier, he would seek a realistic agreement with the Soviet Union along the lines of the letter he sent to Marshal Stalin in 1945. So far the only replies to Mr. Churchill have been a sharp retort from Sir Stafford Cripps, a well-phrased rebuke from Mr. Attlee, and a reply from Mr. Bevin who, in his Wednesday night broadcast, explained in bleak and hackneyed words that the control of atomic energy was a matter for Uno, not to be solved by stunt methods. The Labour leaders are right in saying that Mr. Churchill's appeal at this moment is to be regarded primarily as electioneering. But Einstein was not electioneering, and Labour cannot afford to let the most menacing issue of our day go by default.

We have stated the position in cautious terms because we believe that Labour can win this election, but may fail to do so through over-confidence. Clearly, very much depends upon the work done during the last week. Every Labour enthusiast will have to be mobilised, ready to reply effectively to any stunt and to turn it into a boomerang. Mr. Attlee has been conducting a highly successful tour through the

North. He put the matter in its right perspective when, after saying that "victory was in the air," he added that:

> All that is required now is to keep up an intensive campaign on the doorstep until polling day and then to see that our supporters cast their votes.

That is all that is required to produce a Socialist victory. But there is less than one more week in which to do it.

Jerusalem The Disputed

A Geneva correspondent writes: Summoned to settle the secular and theological disputes which have raged over Jerusalem for over 1,500 years, the Trusteeship Council, now in session at the Palais des Nations, has a straightforward mandate; it is to approve a Statute for internationalising the Holy City, put it into force, and not be diverted from its task by any action taken by any interested Governments. But the Council and, particularly, its French President, M. Garreau, seem to have discovered already that there is no problem in the world affected by so little reason and so much emotion. At Lake Success, M. Garreau had been a staunch supporter of full internationalisation; but lately he has been arguing that the Council should take a "broad" view of the Assembly's resolution, and that a settlement achieved with the consent of Israel and Jordan might be better than a Statute which remained a dead letter while all the ancient disputes continued.

Among the claimants with whose "interested action" the Council has to concern itself, one may first distinguish the secularists. Mr. Ben Gurion has always held that Jerusalem is the key to the security of Israel, and that no Jewish State based solely on the coastal plain could survive. The same secular reasoning also influences King Abdullah of Jordan, who ignored his English advisers, flouted the Arab League, and abandoned the agreed Arab plan for the invasion of Palestine in order to secure his foothold in Jerusalem, whose King he proclaimed himself to be. Both Israel and Jordan are firmly opposed to internationalisation.

On the other side, the religious strategists are equally insistent that there must be an international regime, though some, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, are singularly reticent as to how, and by whom, it is to be administered. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the various Hierarchies are united in their approach to the problem. The two protagonists are the Vatican and the Orthodox Patriarchates, who between them own property in Jerusalem worth about $200 millions. The Orthodox contention is that all existing rights for the denominations who at present control the Holy Places should be preserved. To the Vatican this demand for the maintenance of the *status quo* presents an awkward issue.

M. Garreau has reminded the Council of the relevance of the Firmans issued by the Porte in 1757, and again in 1852, recognising the dominant interest of the Orthodox Church in Jerusalem and strictly delimiting the rights of the Latin Church. Of the Pope's two advisers on State affairs, Bishop Tardini is credited with the view that, though the principal of internationalisation is important, Catholics have to fear, not the secular menace of a Jewish Jerusalem, but the potential challenge to Rome of a Jerusalem with a new Temple—a living Holy City. Bishop Mandini, on the other hand, seems less concerned at the hypothetical threat of a potential Jewish Messiah in Jerusalem than at the risk lest the rights of the Orthodox Church should be consolidated to the advantage of the Soviet Union. Recalling that, last November, the Russian Orthodox Archbishop Leonid celebrated High Mass in Jerusalem on the anniversary of the Revolution, he would prefer, it seems, to see the Vatican reach a concordat with Israel and Jordan rather than have the Holy City dominated by the Kremlin's chosen Patriarch.

Quis custodiet custodes? That has always been the problem of Jerusalem. Theology permitting, the partition of Jerusalem between Israel and Jordan might be the key to a peaceful balance of power between the two States now occupying Palestine. As it is, with the British supporting Jordan rule of the old City; the Americans, Israel rule in the new; the Arab League, the rights of Islam; the French and the Latin Americans, the Vatican; and the Russians (not represented at Geneva) presumably backing the Orthodox Church, it looks as if the solution may be international but scarcely peaceful or holy.

Mr. Lewis Defiant

Can an injunction drive the U.S. soft-coal miners back to work? And if it fails, what will President Truman do next? The hit-and-run campaign that Mr. Lewis has been conducting against the operators for many months reached a climax when nearly all the bituminous fields became idle, the miners refusing to work without a contract, and Mr. Lewis failing to reach a contract with the operators, severally or collectively. Last year, the trouble began when the miners' welfare fund ran short of money, and John L. Lewis demanded an increase in the royalties levied on mined coal to finance the fund. The operators refused to pay any more, and the miners alternated between strikes and a three-day week—the latter in part a strategy designed to reduce coal stocks and enhance the miners' bargaining power. The stocks are now low, and fuel shortages have produced some cuts in train services and a little secondary unemployment.

A fairly mild winter, however, has eased the drain on stocks, and conversion to oil furnaces has gone on steadily. It is now much more a question of whether the miners can hold out for long, after their reserves have been exhausted by many short weeks and strikes. The one principle Lewis has drummed into his union is "no contract, no work"; and as long as the men can hold out, they will, even if there is no direct order to strike from Mr. Lewis. He has forced the President to operate the injunction clause of the Taft-Hartley Act—which Mr. Truman condemns politically—and shows every sign of ignoring both it and the President's fact-finding Board. He may again be arraigned for contempt of court, and this time a prison sentence may be imposed instead of the huge fines meted out previously. But the fact remains that the law cannot force one miner back to work if he chooses to absent himself. Otherwise, as Mr. Lewis points out, he would be driven into "involuntary servitude."

Housing Record

Labour speakers should have no difficulty in replying to Tory charges that the housing problem has been tackled less effectively than it would have been by a Conservative Government. The most recent housing returns, which bring the record up to December, 1949, show that in the past four calendar years the Government has to its credit about 620,000 permanent houses (of which some 130,000 have been constructed by private enterprise) and 148,000 temporary homes. This represents an annual average of 192,000 new houses built—a figure which compares well with only 92,000 houses in the four years 1920-23. It was not until eight years after the Armistice that the annual rate of house building under Tory rule passed the 200,000 mark. On a comparison of party achievement, Labour can say with truth that in the parallel period after the first world war, the Tories, although not hampered by grave shortages, built only half as many houses as Labour have done and that most of these were bought by the well-to-do rather than let to the impecunious.

When conversions, adaptations and repairs of war-damaged dwellings are included, the Government can fairly claim that the total number of family units of accommodation—new or reconditioned—which it has provided exceeds one million, and that it has thus, in the strict sense of the word, made good the position of 1939. Having regard to limitations imposed by the size of the available force of building labour and, still more, timber shortage, this is a satisfactory performance—especially when it is considered that there has been a parallel construction of factory premises equivalent to at least 50,000 dwelling houses a year.

This record, good though it is in the circumstances, does not mean that the housing problem in Britain has been solved or that it will be solved within a reasonable period by a programme reduced under last year's capital cuts to some 175,000 houses a year. On a cautious estimate, the provision of at least 150,000 family units annually is required to keep pace with obsolescence—to say nothing of plans for slum clearance and for the final elimination of sub-standard and over-crowded dwellings. This is a problem which has still to be faced, whichever party the country elects to power. The speed at which it is solved will depend on the proportion of our limited national resources devoted to housing's great competitor—rearmament.

Market Gardeners and the Foreigner

When the Government, under pressure from O.E.E.C. and Mr. Hoffman, took measures, last autumn, to lift import restrictions as part of a general policy for the liberalisation of intra-European trade, controls were raised from a considerable list of fruits and vegetables. It was, however, announced that open general licences would be liable to suspension during the main season of home production. A list of proposed import quotas during these periods has now been published. It is criticised severely by fruit-growers and market gardeners.

Apart from the fact that there is apparently to be no restriction on imports of apples and pears,

objection is taken particularly to the fact that limitations on imports of tomatoes apply only to the period July 1-August 31, during which 9,500 tons from abroad are to be allowed in. The growers argue that restrictions should apply to June, when the crop of the home glasshouse industry is marketable. They point out bitterly that, during May and June last year, 20,000 tons of tomatoes came from the Canaries and 8,000 tons from Holland, as compared with imports of some 11,000 tons in the corresponding period of 1938, and that, as a result, the market price last year fell to little more than half the controlled price of 1948. Similar arguments are likely to be heard from the growers of hot-house strawberries, in whose case import restrictions do not apply until June. All of which goes to show how difficult it is to reconcile European trade liberalism with the interests of British producers, who are not to be persuaded by the argument that demand can in the end be profitably stimulated by lower prices.

Tea and Buns

If this is indeed a tame and decorous election campaign, may it not be due to the sharp awareness of legal snags about allowable expenses? The task of consolidating election law in the last Representation of the People Act brought all these questions out for review, so that in the mitigated civil war that should now be racking the country the combatants are watching each other's expenditure as grimly as the belligerents in World War II watched for the first use of gas. But there seems to be an unwritten "gentleman's agreement" on the recently canvassed question of tea and biscuits for weary canvassers. Canvassing, says section 96 of the Act, may not be done "for payment or promise of payment"; and section 103 adds that in this context "payment" includes "any pecuniary or other reward." A fortnight ago, when a note about this had appeared in the press, agents were busy telephoning here and there in search of enlightenment and reassurance that were not forthcoming. The utmost the legal experts would say was that *de minimis non curat lex*, and some agents felt that *lex* would have to care if someone in the opposite camp decided to set it in operation. But time drifted on, and in at least one case within our knowledge the biscuits have given place to sandwiches, followed by a modest choice of buns. The munching canvassers pay nothing for these, and the savour of clandestinity is upon them. We sincerely hope that both sides are doing it—and doing them proud.

Whither France?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: France will need careful watching this year. Is the "Third Force" era at an end? It would seem so. And what is to take its place? Already de Gaulle has started popping up all over the place, and announcing that France must choose between him and the Communists. Last Tuesday's debate at the National Assembly, when Bidault first appeared there with his "patched-up" Cabinet, was most revealing. The promise that Blum had given (off his own bat, it now appears) that the Socialists would continue to support the Bidault Government, despite the resignation of the five Socialist Ministers, was not kept when it came to the point. The Socialists abstained, their spokesman saying that this was the only "logical" course for them to take. He added, however, that he did not wish to be "too categorical" about the Socialists' future attitude. The proposal to support Bidault had, one now learns, been turned down by 16 votes to 14 on the Socialist parliamentary committee.

Since then, moreover, Guy Mollet has announced that the Socialists will support Bidault again only on condition he gives sufficient attention to "social justice." Real wages to-day are half what they were before the war, and the maldistribution of wealth in post-war France, far from being alleviated, is becoming worse. On the other hand, the "classical" Right, represented by Reynaud, proposed the creation of a "National Union" Government, and offered Bidault their "co-operation"—on their own terms, of course. Reynaud went out of his way to warn Bidault against increasing wages unduly, since French costs were already higher than German costs, and France was already being squeezed out of export markets. M. Michelet, on behalf of de Gaulle, offered Bidault "his loyal hand," and hinted at the need of a drastic electoral reform, followed by early elections.

Whatever M. Bidault's personal attitude, there is no doubt that a substantial part of the M.R.P., associated with the Catholic Trade Unions, are pro-Socialist, and opposed to eating out of either Reynaud's or de Gaulle's hand. Much more ambiguous is the attitude of M. Bidault's allies, the Radicals, largely representing the *petite bourgeoisie* of provincial France, and hostile at heart to the working class. The abolition of P.R., which they advocate, would be against the interests of the M.R.P., whom, in the phrase of the Communist leader, M. Duclos, "they want to cuckold."

"Seldom," Bidault said, "has a Government had so much trouble in so short a time." The Revers-Mast, or rather the Peyré-Van Co, scandal is taking on alarming proportions, and serious "irregularities"—to put it mildly—are alleged to have been committed by M. Ramadier, the former Premier and War Minister; certain documents are now known to have been burned; and Van Co is known to have paid large sums to certain papers, presumably for Bao Dai propaganda. For different reasons, the *affaire* is being mercilessly exploited by both de Gaullists and Communists.

A large part of Tuesday's debate was taken up with furious Communist indictments of French colonialism. The Communists, significantly, no longer demand negotiations with Ho Chi Minh, but a plain French withdrawal from Viet Nam. But there is also trouble nearer home. One Right-wing deputy, in alarmed tones, drew M. Bidault's attention to the encouraging message sent to the leader of the Algerian separatists by Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier.

Whither France? indeed. With its present lack of support in Parliament—when Socialists, the Right, and even some Radicals, including Deladier, abstained—the present Bidault "formula" cannot last long. Will the Socialists, to save the "Third Force," come to the rescue? Or will Bidault throw in his lot with the Right? The hatred between Socialists and Communists—especially among their leaders—is such that a Popular Front Government is out of the question, while the formation of a "solid democratic Left without the Communists"—advocated by *Franc Tireur*—belongs to the realm of dreams. As long as social injustice continues in France, the bulk of the French working class will remain extremist.

But one thing is certain. A Tory victory in Britain would immensely increase de Gaulle's chances.

THE ELECTION: Marginal Comment

If, with fairly small exceptions, this is a quiet election, I do not think the reason is the absence of interest. In one way, the quite small meetings are much the most revealing. They become, inevitably, an intimate conversation, in which the audience participates with the speakers in a really democratic way. It is in these small meetings, in my own experience, that the electors most resent the "planted" question, or the rowdy interrupter, or the man (rarely a woman) who keeps up a shrill conversation with his neighbour in order to indicate his contempt for the Labour Party and all its works. Usually he is in his early thirties, dressed in as good an imitation as he can achieve of the sportsman of the multiple tailors' advertisements. The women are usually in late middle age, rather large, and with a tendency to become very angry indeed if they do not get the answer they expected. I shall not easily forget the irritated embarrassment of a lady who asked me why I did not throw off my Socialist mask and reveal myself for the Communist I really was. When I asked her to tell me her definitions of Socialism and Communism so that I could be sure we were talking about the same things, she snorted, with a great show of indignation, that she had not come there to be questioned.

In the big meetings, where you may have anything from a thousand upwards, the questioner who interests me most as a type is the Tory member of the local municipal council. He gets up slowly and portentously, looking around to be recognised, and there is usually a whisper among the audience that he is Councillor Blank. He then puts his question with the air of a man who, in Mr. Asquith's immortal phrase, has "a conscious knowledge of effortless superiority." If your answer is effective, he is furious, and it is all the chairman can do to prevent him from making a speech; for, as he is known to the local reporters, the exchange is naturally taken down for the borough journal. As the next question is put, he can be heard, rather red in the face, telling his neighbour in a loud undertone that your answer is completely wrong and that the suppression of free speech at Labour meetings is quite intolerable.

Nothing in the Tory Manifesto has done Mr. Churchill and his friends more harm than its references to Tory devotion to trade unionism, and the insistence that Tories have always believed in constitutional change by consent. Every middle-aged voter remembers the strike of 1926 and the vindictive legislation which followed it; and they do not forget Mr. Churchill's part in either.

There is, too, a good deal of cynicism about the Tory pledge of a basic wage for everyone; most workers, remembering the 'thirties pretty vividly, suggest that Mr. Butler and his committee probably have sixteen shillings per week in mind. There is constant comment on the quiet dignity of Mr. Attlee's speeches and the flamboyant rhetoric of Mr. Churchill's. Most people I have met have real devotion to one of the many Churchills combined in that multiple personality; but most of them think, also, that the Churchill to whom they are devoted died in 1945. Curiously, after Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, the one Tory name that is universally known is that of Sir Waldron Smithers. "Good old Ten Commandments," one man shouted when I mentioned his name in quoting one of his supreme utterances; and another man said that he was the best English comic alive, now Sid Field is dead.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Far Eastern Agreement

THE Treaty between Russia and China seems likely to settle the future of the Far East for many years to come. Two months of negotiation have resulted in a close alliance between Moscow and Pekin on terms designed to make the Chinese forget their resentment over the Sino-Russian Treaty in 1945 and over Soviet behaviour in Manchuria in 1946. The 1945 Treaty, with its subsidiary agreements, is cancelled and Russia promises to return to China property in Manchuria which was seized by Soviet agencies from the Japanese. It is further agreed that after a Treaty has been made with Japan (or, at latest by the end of 1952) the Changchun Railway will revert to Chinese management and Soviet forces will withdraw from Port Arthur. Russia also provides China with a long-term credit, valued at 300 million American dollars, for the purpose of purchasing industrial equipment from Russia. The People's Government of China is likely to make more constructive use of these dollars than the Kuomintang made of similar U.S. loans.

While the agreement was taking shape, Anglo-American naval manœuvres in the Pacific were being arranged, and Dr. Jessup, with the heads of 14 American Missions, was conferring in Bangkok about an economic and defensive grouping in South-East Asia, which, his communiqué admits, meets with no very eager response from the peoples of that "region." The picture envisaged by Moscow and Peking has, it must be agreed, a firmer basis in economic facts. Japan and China are economically complementary, and it was only because Japan attempted to impose domination over the Chinese that the efforts of Tokio to penetrate the Chinese market were resisted. Japan needs the mineral wealth and food of Manchuria; China is a natural market for the cheap manufactured goods which Japan can supply. Both China and Japan are well aware of this interdependence, and the Japanese, relying on the "democratic freedom" conferred on them by General MacArthur, have recently embarrassed the United States by including Japanese Communists on the boards of a number of concerns set up to trade with the Chinese.

These are facts for the Western Allies to consider when they discuss the already long overdue Peace Treaty with Japan. In setting the year 1952 as the dead-line for their agreements over Port Arthur, Dairen and the Changchun Railway to come into force, the Russian and Chinese Governments clearly envisage a separate agreement with Japan, if by that time there has been no joint agreement with the Western Powers. If America still refuses to recognise the Government of Mao Tse-tung, and it therefore remains unable to negotiate round the same table as China, a separate Communist peace with Japan seems inevitable. The sensible course for Britain, which has established diplomatic relations with the Chinese Government, would seem to be to persuade Washington to face realities and to see what the West may still contribute to the new society which has come into existence in Asia.

The Catholics and Their Schools

BOOSTED by a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square, the Catholic Hierarchy's election campaign to secure a new settlement of the schools question has revived an eighty-year-old controversy which seemed in 1944 to have been decently buried by agreement of all the parties. Conceived in resentment at the Cowper-Temple Clause of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, which declared that "no religious catechism or religious formulary distinctive of any particular religious denomination might be taught" in any State-provided school, a dual system of education grew up in Britain, snatching a stepson's benefits from an unwilling State. In 1902, the right of maintenance of voluntary schools was conceded, though not for the provision of sites and buildings, or their structural improvement. In 1936, after thirty-four years of bitter acrimony, the State allowed the senior non-provided schools all the rights of the State family, with the additional denominational privilege that headships and teaching posts could be filled by the religious authority if, in return, the authority contributed 25-50 per cent. of the cost of structural improvements and gave up control to the Local Education Authority.

The experiment was hardly a success. As late as 1942 the Board of Education was speaking harshly of the "antiquated and out-of-date" condition of most of the schools still outside its control. In 1944, therefore, it was resolved to find whether some way could not be found of setting up a system of education in England and Wales, in which the provided and non-provided schools might work together, each having equal competence and dignity within the educational set-up. All interested bodies were consulted and their approval sought for a Bill which, it was hoped, would end battles about religious education and wars over the dual system. Cowper-Temple was left supreme in the provided schools by common consent. In non-provided schools the 1902 and 1936 concessions were confirmed, and perpetual life assured to the voluntary schools whose authorities undertook to provide 50 per cent. towards the cost of structural improvement. Where they could not, the State took over the control of the schools, but conceded the right of the religious authority to retain one-third of the managers and a proportion of the staff, to safeguard their denominational character.

These clauses of the 1944 Act were implemented in 1946 with universal benediction. By 1949, however, the agreement so laboriously reached was another scrap of paper, torn up in the hope of advantage in a new electoral war. The Catholic Hierarchy has issued a clarion call to Catholics to reserve their vote for the candidate who will promise to supersede the 1944 settlement with a new and lasting one—Catholicism's final educational claim in Britain.

On grounds of principle or expediency, candidates will give different answers to the Catholic demands. Yet there can be little doubt that no responsible Government could commit itself in advance to granting their claims. Indeed, it is clear that no party would readily disturb the balance so carefully achieved by the 1944 settlement. Speaking for the Conservatives in the House of Commons on July 5th, 1949, Mr. R. A. Butler, the author of the 1944 Act, said:

> I would beg the Minister to permit no fundamental alteration in the religious settlement under the 1944 Act. I am not convinced that, if the subject were raised again, we should reach so amicable a settlement as we did on that occasion . . . We managed, by the Grace of God, to eliminate that controversy from our country in the war years *by joint action by all parties*, and I trust that settlement may be allowed to stand, because I believe that those of us who were engaged in it have been rewarded with a certain degree of success, which is all that one can hope for in public life.

Whatever individual candidates may say, it is unlikely that either of the main parties could make promises—or keep them if they were made—to go back on the religious agreement of the 1944 Education Act.

To say that is not to deny that the working of the Act has meant great hardship to the Catholic authorities or that it creates very great problems about the future of voluntary schools. Briefly the Catholic case is this. Under the Act, Local Educational Authorities can demand "such alterations as may be required for the purpose of securing that school premises should conform to prescribed standards"; and, to retain control, the religious authority must provide 50 per cent. of the cost. In 1944 that faced the Catholic authority with a capital expenditure of £10 million. Since then, because of increased costs, that sum has risen to £60 million. This means that the cost of a school place for one child has risen from £10 in 1910 to £60 in 1939 and £400 in 1949. To go on paying at this rate, the Catholic authority maintains, is to face certain bankruptcy and the consequent loss of control of all Catholic schools. In these circumstances the statement which the Hierarchy has issued denounces the earlier settlement and demands another on new terms, namely, that:

> The managers of a Catholic school should be empowered to lease their school to the L.E.A., who would be bound to accept the lease at an agreed nominal rent. . . . The L.E.A. would be responsible for all expenditure connected with the school. In consideration of this, the authority would be given the sole power of regulating the secular curriculum, and the Church would surrender the right of the Catholic managers to appoint teachers. Teachers would, however, be subject to approval as regards religious belief, character and fitness by representatives of the Church, and the religious education provided in the school would continue unchanged.

This proposed settlement resembles broadly that reached in the "Scottish Concordat" of the Education (Scotland) Act, 1918. Under that Act, the Catholic and Church of Scotland authorities leased or sold all their schools to local authorities, but retained the right of determining the suitability of teachers, with appeal to the courts in disputed cases. It is possible that, in 1918, the matter might have

been settled in England and Wales on the same lines. But, at that time, Catholic agreement could not be secured. Now it has been reached —32 years too late. For two very important things conspire to-day to militate against acceptance of the Catholic Hierarchy's proposals—one, political, the other, financial.

In the first place, the question cannot be settled in a political vacuum; and the mass of non-Catholic opinion is now convinced that the dual system is in itself undesirable and ought to be ended. Among religious bodies, the largest, the Free Church Federal Council, has declared its adherence "to the ultimate aim . . . of the establishment of a completely national system of education. The Dual System involves inefficient administration . . . waste of public money and sectarian tests for teachers. The Council is opposed to any kind of extension of the present financial aid from public funds to denominational schools."

There can be little doubt that a very large number of "low" Church of England authorities would be in substantial agreement with this point of view. At least one interested professional body, the National Association of Schoolmasters, has expressed the opinion that, "as regards the Dual System, the ultimate aim should be a national system of education, in which every school is State-controlled."

The Trades Union Congress has come out most strongly in condemnation of the Dual System and has declared that:

> The time has come when denominational schools should be incorporated in the State system, except in so far as denominations may themselves bear the *whole* cost of their separate institutions. . . . Denominational instruction of any kind should not be allowed in State-controlled schools. . . . It is not for the State to support secretarian views by maintaining in their present anomalous position the various Church schools. . . . Such schools should be self-supporting and should conform to the standards required of other private schools.

In the light of unequivocal opposition such as this, the almost certain consequence of attempting a settlement on the lines proposed by the Catholic Hierarchy would be to raise again, on a broad front, the whole bitterness of the religious question in England and Wales.

No Government will readily run this risk. Moreover, finance is another obstacle. The cost of meeting Catholic wishes would be some £120 million from the Exchequer; and they cannot be considered alone. If the religious settlement is reopened, everyone in all denominations (to quote Mr. Butler again) "must be treated with the same generosity." The total Catholic school population in England and Wales is about 370,000 in some 1,200 schools. But there are about 1,300,000 other children in approximately 9,200 other non-provided schools. They would claim the same benefits. To concede their claims would cost the State an additional £600 million, over and above its present educational expenditure. Clearly, no party could agree to such a commitment: government is the art of the possible. To promise one's vote in this election only to a candidate who will, in return, give an assurance of a revision of the 1944 religious agreement is merely to embarrass an honest man and to pledge support to a rogue.

North of the Thames

THE four constituencies surveyed in this article are chosen, one apiece, from the main social zones North of the Thames. If one moves eastwards along the Surrey side one passes through a similar social and political spectrum.

Uxbridge

Mr. Frank Beswick won Uxbridge for Labour in 1945 with a majority of 1,000. A conscientious and respected Member, he would probably hold it by the same figure had its boundaries been unchanged. As it is, his task has been made easier by the addition of the factory area of West Drayton and the separation of the season-ticket suburb of Ruislip. Ruislip, with Northwood, now becomes a new seat unlikely to return any but a Conservative member. So the score becomes one-all. This redistribution—favouring the suburban belt, whither the middle-classes have moved from their old purlieus of Earls Court and Kilburn—must be balanced against the disappearance of fifteen Labour and only three Tory seats in London proper.

But there are new problems. West Drayton voters, strongly trade unionist and often class-conscious, may well wonder if Mr. Beswick, whose air of giving you the gen about this wizard Government in an R.A.F. mess is so suited to the upland air of Ruislip, is quite the man for the smokier plains near the Great West Road. "We've all got to produce more" isn't always the answer to a question about wage freezing from an engineer who can shout back how much profit his employer would have left were the A.E.U. claim conceded. The hearty assurance that "Mr. Bevin is a Britisher" doesn't dispose of barbed queries about our dependence on America. Mr. Beswick may well owe more support to his protest against mounting arms expenditure and his plea for a new approach to atomic control than to all the votes he has cast in the Government lobby.

Two comments may be made. First, in London more than elsewhere, much depends on the candidate, who is recognised, in Burke's phrase, to owe his constituents his judgment no less than his diligence. Secondly, however much hard-bitten agents may say that this is not a "foreign policy election," concern over the supreme issue of peace and war is intense. I have heard a Labour candidate, after a long speech on housing, asked by a housewife what good the houses are if a hydrogen bomb destroys them all. I have read election address after address, from all major parties, devoid of a single word to indicate that Britain is not alone on the planet. The historian will surely marvel at this silence of public men in an island menaced, if war comes, by annihilation; will he not call it a shirking of leadership and responsibility?

North Kensington

North Kensington is a seat the Tories must win if they are to win the election. Mr. George Rogers fights squarely on official Labour policy. Impatience over housing, in the slums bordering on the railway line, will rebound on the Tories, whose Borough Council majority has the worst building record in London and has fixed rents for new flats so high that families at the top of the list had to refuse them. I heard Mr. Rogers and his Conservative opponent, Mr. Caplan, address midday street meetings, one in Portobello Road market and the other at Notting Hill Gate. Both meetings were orderly and attentive. Both candidates addressed themselves in a forthright way to their parties' policies. Both, as is proper in a marginal seat, were confident of victory. Mr. Caplan, answering charges that Tory rule means dear food and unemployment, was rather more defensive in tone.

His problem, I think, is that the wards near Notting Hill Gate, their homes split into furnished rooms, are less Tory than of old. There is the apathy of those without local interests, and the trend to Liberalism of those without solid property. Mr. Rogers must increase the always low poll of the slum-dwellers, often unskilled workers with little working-class organisation; he must meet questions on rising prices; and he must ward off a Communist candidate, a local man well known for his activity on behalf of the ill-housed. But, in Central and West London, it seems to be agreed, sympathy to Communist policy is to Communist voting strength as five is to one; fear of letting the Tory slip in is powerful.

South Hackney

In South Hackney, Communism makes a vivid challenge. Labour, in complete control, has to bear full responsibility for the undiminished housing list of 8,000. The Communists, with leaflets showing how many houses can be built for the cost of a bomber, combine the impatience of the 8,000 with the dread of a new war in a district which suffered so grievously in the last. They are vocal, too, about the Mosley nuisance; with Jews, and many Gentiles, too, gang violence and filthy slogans speak louder than Voltairean sentiments. Finally, the wage-freeze bears hard on workers in underpaid trades—paint or furniture—whose unions are not strong enough to defy official restraint.

Still, local Labour people, complacent in their tenure and believing that neither Communists nor Tories can do more than increase a loser's poll, have not bothered to think of answers to the questions that are being asked on housing, wage restraint, growing short time and "redundancy," or the war danger. It would be well for Labour workers in safe seats to realise that the number of Members sent to Westminster is not all that matters. The number of votes in the nation—to prevent the Tories from saying that they got nearly as many votes as Labour, even if fewer seats—matters quite a lot. Whether voters return their Member in real confidence and not in grumbling loyalty matters supremely to the Labour movement.

Hornchurch

The Hornchurch division of Essex is a geographical expression, without cohesion or collective spirit; a straggle of suburbs, engulfing

farmland and ancient hamlets. Much of it is a living museum of the unplanned and unbeautiful speculative building of the 'twenties and 'thirties. Many inhabitants, from wealthy stockbrokers to Ford workers, own their houses (or pay off mortgages); the £400 house of pre-war years is Exhibit A. So Labour cannot say briefly, as in Hackney, "Labour builds for letting; Tories would build for sale," and leave it at that. The Tories make much of a plan for everyone to own a house for £75 down. The snag isn't immediately obvious.

In 1945 Mr. Geoffrey Bing won Hornchurch by 11,000 votes. But the coming and going of population makes prediction unsafe; and the tendency has been for owner-occupiers to return to the houses they had vacated in wartime, replacing the tenants, many of whom had been bombed out in the East End. There are the varied grievances, and the difficulty of a mass appeal, in a district where ten neighbours follow ten different callings. And there is the limitless unscrupulousness of Toryism.

Mr. Bing and his Liberal opponent, Miss Nancy Seear, cannot fail to impress the observer favourably. Both are calm in argument careful with their facts, enemies to prejudice, and concerned to instruct as well as to persuade. I have said little of the Liberals, but my impression is that they are drawing off a sizable number of voters who feel that Labour is doing too much too fast.

To move from their meetings to one addressed by the Conservative candidate, Mr. J. Wentworth Day, is to step from the atmosphere proper in a British election to the political jungle of the most backward American States or Latin-American republics. Mr. Day uses figures with the abandon of the child who calls any distance a hundred miles. Many of his statements would not stand the test of reference to a newspaper file. When for once he used a correct fact, he was challenged on it and said he had been told it by R. A. Butler last week, thus implying that he was ignorant until last week on an important matter covered by all newspapers. (It was the supplementary vote for the Health Service.) He replies "Yes, certainly" to almost any demand which the audience seems to favour. He diverges cheerfully from his party's policy, having so far advocated the return of the mines to private enterprise and British withdrawal from the United Nations. He outlines no policy, but throws out slogans like "Build more houses"—"Give us more meat"—"Overhaul pension schemes (which way? I wondered) —"Maintain full employment" without a hint as to method. The rest is personal abuse. Cripps is a "cadaverous carrot-eating humbug," Strachey "turncoat Strachey," Laski "the preacher of Communism whom I beat in the High Court." To a Labour questioner, he retorts: "Half your Ministers were never in the war, they were in jail." Presented with Lord Boyd-Orr's statistics on pre-war malnutrition, he answers that Lord Boyd-Orr was given a peerage by the Socialists.

All the Conservative candidates I have heard, save Mr. Day, are conducting solid campaigns; and many Hornchurch Conservatives have publicly deplored Mr. Day's methods. Thus, I do not write in a party spirit, nor in order to help Mr. Bing achieve a victory to which, I trust, Mr. Day has already adequately assisted him. I write because the test of whether the electorate has maintained the seriousness and integrity which were so marked in 1945, or whether our political life has regressed by decades, will be made in Hornchurch.

MERVYN JONES

Whose Austria?

"NOTHING CAN BEFALL US"

NOBODY here in Innsbruck, or anywhere in Austria for that matter, is taking the treaty talks seriously any longer. *Staatsvertrag*, the Austrians insist on calling it—"State," not "Peace" Treaty: Austria isn't an enemy country; no she was liberated! (*Chuckle, chuckle.*) Then there are those peas. (*Chuckle, chuckle.*) In 1945 the Russians delivered to the hungry Austrian population some tons of dried peas, and they now say—almost officially —that, if only agreement could be reached on payment for the peas, the Austrian treaty would be signed, all four Allies would pack up, and the Austrians would be left all alone to rule their own country. Well, say the French, if the Americans are all that anxious for an Austrian treaty, why can't they pay those Russians a couple of millions for their precious peas, and then all would be over?

At this the Austrians give another chuckle. For they know perfectly well that, in reality, the only people who may genuinely want to leave Austria are the British (and some are doubtful even about that); the Americans—or at least certain very important Americans—are known to want to stay; and as for the French, they make no secret of it that they would consider the evacuation of Austria as a first-rate mistake. General Béthouard, the French High Commissioner, has strong views on the subject, and a high French official in Innsbruck said to me: "If we leave Austria, it will create a military vacuum which, in one way or another, the Russians are sure to fill before long. We have, of course, hinted at forming an Austrian army—a pro-Western Austrian army—to fill this vacuum; but the Russians, naturally, will not hear of it, and, if we raise the matter officially, it will only delay the peace treaty indefinitely. So what's the difference? We might as well stay on."

In addition, the French argue, evacuation would compromise, strategically and morally, the occupation of Germany; the Germans would soon start treating the evacuation of Austria as a precedent. But, above all, the departure of all the Allied forces from Austria would only play into the Russians' hands. The Austrian oil industry, Danube shipping, much of the transport would be more or less in their hands; they might start bringing in "technicians" by the thousand, and, with Communist regimes established in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the psychological pressure on Austria, especially on Vienna, would be immense.

And the Austrians themselves? One after another has said to me: "Oh, of course our Government has to pretend that it wants us to be masters in our own home. But that's all a lot of sentimentality, and most of us are feeling a good deal safer with the British, French, and Americans here. It gives us the feeling that we still definitely belong to the West." Dollar assistance? "A moral curse, but *such* a material blessing," said one Austrian friend to me, as he tucked into his *Wiener Schnitzel*. "Marshall Aid Forever"—that ought to be Austria's national motto, he added. No doubt, he said, it was being badly mismanaged; hanky-panky had largely taken the place of any rational planned development. Still, by and large, Austria was living and thriving; the shops were full of goods, and there was still very little unemployment. In spite of everything, there had, thanks to E.R.P., been some useful industrial developments lately, and if only the Yugoslav market could be developed to make up for Eastern Europe, there could be an improvement in the trade balance. Altogether, thanks to dollars, Austria had suffered much less this time than after 1918, when, for three years, she starved.

But wages are low and the pay of small government officials even lower (£3 a week is common), and there is, consequently, a good deal of corruption. But it is not so certain that by and large the people of Western Austria are so very much worse off than before the war—except perhaps during the blessed period of the Anschluss, when the Tirol was swamped with tourists from Germany. This is one of many reasons why the Tirol—without necessarily liking the Germans—has happy memories of the Anschluss years, and why everybody without exception here is in favour of what is vaguely called "closer economic relations with Germany." This phrase covers anything from amalgamation with Western Germany to merely "more trippers from the Reich."

In no country I know have I had so strong an impression of people living from day to day, and not minding too much. The young people, piling into railway carriages with their skis and toboggans, are full of nonsense and laughter. A cheerful fatalism—"*Es kann dir nix g'scheh'n*" —is general. The country is Catholic; the peasants, bloodsuckers (so the townsfolk say) during the war and ever since, are solidly behind the People's Party and Chancellor Figl, a shrewd peasant himself, and the only one (many Austrians think) still capable of talking to the Russians. But everyone knows that Austria is a plaything in the hands of the Great Powers.

During these last few days, there was some excitement in the Tirol; the 51st train-load had arrived bringing back Austrian war prisoners from Russia. "Why!" one Austrian in a café remarked with some satisfaction, "they've even started releasing the SS-men!" The men were looking fairly well fed; it was said that they had been given fattening-up rations for several weeks before being sent home, and that their fatness was "watery and unhealthy"; but "they would soon be all right again." Of course, the papers insisted that there were still 1,000 Austrian war prisoners in a camp at Stalingrad, and the prisoners themselves said that they had had to work very

hard while in Russia, but they were happy to be home and preferred not to dwell on the bad early days of their captivity.

There is not much hate talk against the Russians, and, as for the Germans, the Austrians have forgiven Hitler long ago. True, Austria lost at least half a million men in the war; but it was all part of a "historic process," and nobody could have stopped it. "And perhaps," one Austrian friend whimsically remarked, "we might even have won the war, if we hadn't been ruled by a *verrückter Oesterreicher*—a crazy Austrian!" Even that's been turned into a joke. And here, in Western Austria, there is a clear hankering for Germany, even though there may be much less of it in Vienna. If so many Austrians went Nazi, was it not partly because they were just sick and tired of Austrian *gemütlichkeit*, of Austrian spinelessness? After a diet of cream cakes, they longed for raw meat. And then they tell you, they were hypnotised by the power of the great Reichswehr.

The Austrians don't at heart like either Russian greatness or German greatness, but they like greatness for all that. There is still a sentimental attachment to the great days of the Hapsburg Monarchy. In the bookshops the best-seller list is topped by biographies of Franz Joseph. In the bar of the Arlbergerhof in Innsbruck, the most popular "numbers" are songs imitating the funny Czech or the funny Hungarian talking German. Drowsily, the customers like to imagine that there is no iron curtain, and that Budapest and Prague are still part of their country. Loss of Czechoslovakia is not taken tragically: it had been going its own way ever since 1919; but Hungary and Budapest—these are something of Austria's own flesh and blood. Between the wars, Vienna and Budapest still maintained the closest cultural and spiritual bonds. Now Hungary belongs to another world. To be cut off from Hungary is one of the things that, to-day, is still hurting the Austrians most.

Innsbruck. ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be concluded)

London Diary

It was a smart idea to counter Priestley's fine North-country sermon with the hypnotic bedside patter of the Radio Doctor. Priestley appealed, in his common-sense way, to our sense of fairness. He said, in effect, that Britain, under a Labour Government, was making the magnificent experiment of working towards a world of social justice and equality without loss of freedom; that if middle-class people co-operated, they were entitled to grumble at Ministerial clumsiness, but that they would be something much worse than fools if they tried to return to pre-war England. Dr. Hill knew better than frankly to advise recreating the gulf between Dives and Lazarus. His appeal was to selfishness, but he did his best to quiet our consciences first. Science, not Labour, is building our bonnie babies—so why worry any more than the Tories did in the days of Mr. Chamberlain when babies were not so bonnie? Since we like prime English beefsteak, it must be only Labour folly that gives us codsteaks and second-class "cow" from the Argentine (whence, as it happens, much of our meat also came before the war!). We are all suffering in some degree from frustration? Very well then, the way to get our votes is to encourage us to indulge every grievance, to suggest that all the petty annoyance of forms and controls will be promptly swept away by a Conservative Government! Somehow, in some miraculous way, we shall all be free and happy if no one plans anything, gives up anything for the good of his neighbour, or, for that matter, cares whether his neighbour is out of a job or hungry. A familiar philosophy. A great writer once described it as: "Everyone for himself and God for us all, as the elephant said when it danced among the chickens."

* * *

A careful reader of the British press may now understand the truth about Bao Dai and Ho Chi Minh. The American decision to recognise Bao Dai and to give military assistance to the French in Indo-China is purely military and strategic. Washington's argument is that force has kept the Communists from the Mediterranean in Greece, and that similar methods may be successful in Indo-China. When Britain also agreed to recognise Bao Dai, the Foreign Office seems to have made a desperate effort to please the French by telling the press that the "night-club Emperor," as he is called, was really a popular figure behind whom a large part of Viet Nam would rally. For a time the well-informed correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* was almost alone in the daily press in stating that a large majority of the population of Viet Nam regard the French as their Imperialist enemies, and that by refusing terms to Ho Chi Minh and launching a war with modern weapons against this colonial people, the French have so far only succeeded in strengthening Communism in South-East Asia. Economically they have impoverished France by keeping 125,000 men in Indo-China. (This figure includes some thousands of German S.S. in the Foreign Legion.) Yet they only hold Saigon and the small industrial area. On Sunday a correspondent in the *Observer* also wrote honestly confirming this account, and on Tuesday *The Times*—which had published the day before a totally unworthy article reflecting nothing but Foreign Office handouts—admitted, through the medium of its Bangkok special correspondent, that "no objective analysis of the present situation" could lead to any optimistic conclusion about Bao Dai's chances against Ho Chi Minh's. This correspondent, apparently not liking too categorically to contradict his own paper, pointed out that whereas in China the British have recognised Mao Tse-tung because his was the effective Government, they appear to recognise Bao Dai because they hope that his will "eventually become the effective Government in Indo-China." Or, in plain terms, the West has embarked on a colonial war of reconquest in South-East Asia.

* * *

Last week the B.B.C. Far Eastern Service had a good idea; it arranged a quiz, which took a now familiar pattern of a battle with points between two sides. The Asian team beat the British by a narrow margin. They would have been more flattered, I think, if the questions asked them had been a little more difficult. Some of the Asians have lived long in this country and know as much about our literature and our history as we do. But it was a great step forward even to imagine an Anglo-Asiatic feature of this kind. On the same day, in front of the same audience, composed partly of Asians and partly of British, a Brains Trust answered impromptu questions. Both the questions and answers were frank and sensible. It will be extremely interesting to learn what response the B.B.C. gets from listeners in India and Pakistan, in China and Japan, to a discussion, for instance, of the value of contraception as a way of limiting the pressure of population on the food resources of Asia.

* * *

The Bureau of Current Affairs (117, Piccadilly) the successor of the war-time ABCA, has reached its century—that is, the hundredth issue of its fortnightly discussion bulletins and pictorial wall-sheets have been published. Five and a quarter million of its pamphlets and 1½ million of its pictorials have appeared since April, 1946. It is now publishing a series of election pamphlets. The first of these, by Leonard Woolf, is called "*What is Politics?*" In the second entitled "*Think Before you Vote*," Rupert Crawshay-Williams tries to warn the elector of the many different ways he may be "had." After the voting, a third pamphlet called "*Politics Between Elections*" by Lionel Elvin, will discuss what good citizens can do by voluntary activity while Parliament is sitting. The coloured election map shows what happened in 1945 and offers one a way of chalking up the results of the 1950 ballot. ABCA was one of the real achievements of the war—the sort of thing a democracy may be proud of having pulled off while the enemy was at the gate. I do not believe it was only economy that made the Services discontinue their subscription to the peace version of ABCA. It is a sad fact that the Labour Government did not think education in the Services important in peace-time.

* * *

Listening to the news in bed on Tuesday morning, I heard to my surprise that there are 38 parties contesting this election. Apart from the four obvious parties, there are Welsh and Scottish Nationalists and a whole batch of Independents: Labour Independents, Independent Liberals, Independent Labour party and straight Independents; there are also candidates calling themselves Independent Christian Democrat, Independent Pacifist, Independent Progressive, and so on. Nor must we forget the Irish anti-Partitionist-Scottish Nationalist, the Sinn Feiners, the Welsh Republican, the Home-Rule, the Irish anti-Partitionists, Independent Scottish or the Social Credit.

What surprised me most was to learn under how many guises Conservatives are passing in this election. There are Conservative-Liberals, National-Liberal-Conservatives, Conservative-National-Liberals, Liberal-Conservatives, Independent-Conservatives, Liberal-Unionists, and representatives from the Unionist, Unionist-National and Unionist-National-Liberal parties. Or, as Polonius so aptly had it: There is

"tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral . . . for the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men."

* * *

At one meeting I attended in the Epping division, a question was asked about the efficiency of the National Health Service. One enthusiastic member of the audience, sitting in the front row, leapt to his feet, took his set of false teeth from his mouth and waved them in the air. I have seldom seen an audience more enchanted. Finding he was making a great hit, he shouted that he had only had to wait two months for them; after holding them up to the light to show their beauty and modernity, he put them back in his mouth to show how well they fitted, and ended by taking them out again and waving them aloft like a flag. My regret was that no one in the audience was similarly ready with a wig. CRITIC

THE CARRIAGE WAITS

How will voters make their way
On polling day,
When motors are forbidden all electors to convey?
When the polling regulation
Cuts off rural parts remote?
Horseless carriage transportation
Being out of circulation,
How to take the population
Off to vote?
When the vehicles supplied
May not take all for a ride
In a Morris or an Austin or a Daimler or a Rolls,
When the absence of one cross
Means a heavy Party loss,
And the more lethargic section
May boycott the whole election
If they cannot get a free lift to the polls?

There's a rally of the squires
In the shires.
The Party will be furnished with
the transport it requires.
As the call the country reaches,
Grooms and ostlers get to work;
As the polling day approaches
They are dusting ancient coaches,
They are mustering their forces,
They are falling back on horses,
As in another crisis
Vessels of all shapes and sizes
Took the army off the beaches
At Dunkirk.

Though the regulation bars
Motor cars,
See the wagonettes and phætons and the old victorias!
At every cottage calling
For their polling-station load!
See the flies and landaus crawling,
The horse-drawn electors hauling
Down the winding country roads.
These no voting law controls,
These police cannot disperse—
The curricle, the stage-coach and the
non-electric hearse.
In the voter's finest hour
Votes depend upon horse power,
And the carriage will be calling
to take voters to the polls.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

As the funeral cortege passed by I stood and doffed my cap. As the last of the funeral cars came abreast of me I was amazed to see a notice displayed in the car window stating "Vote Tory and get on the road to victory."—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (D. Bullen.)

A natural antipathy towards the advocacy of the Christian faith by a foreigner is only to be expected; and I therefore consider the appointment of a German as vicar to be inimical to the extension of Christ's Kingdom through this church.—Letter to *Brighton and Hove Herald*. (F. A. Gillett.)

"Support Mr. ———," appealed one speaker, "even if you do not believe he will make a good M.P. Behave like Conservatives."—*Purley and Coulsdon Advertiser*. (R. W. Evely.)

Mr. H. C. Gorer, of North London, said happy families had been broken up because of the excessive price of drinking.

"Sons cannot visit their parents because they are afraid to ask them to have a drink," he said. —*Evening Standard*. (H. Berent.)

New Immigrants in Israel

IN a co-operative village near the Lebanese border, I was speaking to a group of Jews from Yugoslavia, trying to learn how they were faring. A dapper little fellow with a pencil-line moustache edged into the circle and loudly proclaimed: "There is discrimination here. They have refused me a place in the *moshav* (collective village)."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Because I am an artist. And they do not want artists here," he replied.

"What is your art?" I asked.

"I am an acrobat," he said.

For all its comic quality, this episode illustrates one of the grim difficulties facing Israel—the problem of immigration and its corollary, integration. The millionth Jew has now entered the country; 20,000 more are coming every month; and the population by the end of 1951 will have topped two million. Ninety thousand are in reception camps. Nothing is asked of these people—whether they are well or sick, whether they have the skills Israel needs, or the education to learn skills, or any other of the questions an immigration officer asks an immigrant anywhere. Israel just takes them as long as they are Jews.

Of the 300,000 Jews who have entered Israel since May 15, 1948, nearly 70 per cent. came from Eastern Europe and 23 per cent. from Turkey, North Africa and the Yemen. About 23 per cent. were over 40 years old, while 17 per cent. were children under nine. Nearly 55 per cent. of the new immigrants were unskilled, and 28 per cent. were below the working age or unemployable.

These figures, moreover, do not take into consideration the state of the health of the new arrivals. Among the most recent of these, the 30,000 Jews from Yemen, at least 50 per cent., perhaps more, are in ill health, suffering from the diseases of malnutrition and the backwardness of the society they left behind, in addition to infections, such as malaria, picked up on the long trek.

Many Jews from the Arabian and North African countries had been living under the most primitive conditions. For example, few of the Yemenite Jews who arrived recently on the "Magic Carpet" operation through Aden were literate, and none had ever seen a bed or a cake of soap before. Most had no skills whatsoever, and the rest had primitive trades of little use to Israel's economy.

The problem of integrating the Oriental and North African Jews into Israel's economic life is great. That presented by the Jews on the opposite pole of the social scale is, to some extent, even greater. The Yemenite Jew, for instance, takes to the hardest type of work and is content merely because he is in the Jewish State. The latest influx of European Jews, particularly those from Poland, is another story.

The early migrations from Poland, following the turn of the century and lasting until World War II, were largely idealistic, consisting of confirmed Zionists who trained for their future life in communal settlements set up for them in Poland and elsewhere. They expected every hardship that was to be encountered; and the results of their labours can be seen to-day. But with the coming of Hitler and the war there was a qualitative change in the character of the migration. More and more persons who had to come because there was no other place to go flocked into Palestine. The balance had swung from a purely idealistic movement to one of sheer necessity.

What is left now in Poland and Czechoslovakia is a class which would like to stay in Europe. These Jews were able to re-establish themselves in profitable businesses and would prefer to remain—if it were not for the fact that there is no longer any place in their homelands for their class. Thus, of the 30,000 who will leave Poland for Israel between now and the end of August when the Polish doors will be shut again, perhaps eighty per cent. or more will be of the merchant class.

They are being welcomed to Israel, but their integration into the economy will prove even more difficult than that of the more primitive people from Yemen and North Africa. They desire to remain in the class with which they identify themselves; they are unfit for the heartbreaking toil of tilling the land or building roads; and the types of business they lost in Europe are already over-crowded in Israel.

Politically, the influx from both Eastern Europe and the Orient will effect profound changes in Israel. The early immigration was mainly Socialist in character. To-day it is primarily Right-wing, the East European Jew consciously so, and the Oriental and North African Jew subconsciously so. With the East European Jew it is not only a matter of the class to which he belonged for so long; he feels a revulsion against any system which recalls that which dispossessed him back home. With the others, the issue is religion. Primitively orthodox, they fall naturally into the Religious Bloc of the extreme Right.

I believe, therefore, that it is safe to forecast that, in the next general election, both Mr. Ben-Gurion's Mapai, the United Labour Party coalition, and the Mapam, the more radical United Workers Party grouping, will lose strength, perhaps equally, to the parties of the Centre and Right. While Mr. Ben-Gurion is likely to retain his mandate, he will be facing two strong oppositions on both sides of his political fence. Since his personal inclinations

are toward the West, he may feel himself freer to tie his country more closely to America. The Mapam, while not anti-American, presses for friendship and trade with the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies.

The question of relations with the United States is of vital importance to Israel. On the one hand, it cannot live without the bounty of America's Jews and, in fact, would probably have to halt immigration if the flow of dollars from America should stop. On the other hand, it cannot reach any level of self-sufficiency on American charity, but must look to Europe, particularly East Europe, and to the Arab countries for its trade and future stability.

So far, Mr. Ben-Gurion's Government has relied almost entirely on loans, investments and donations, chiefly from America. Loans are coming through and donations are still large, although there are increasing signs that American Jews are not digging as deeply into their pockets as they did in the past because, first, the cut in the U.S.A.'s excess profits taxes has also cut the amount of "free" charity available in the States; secondly, investment in Israel is of the "long pull" rather than the quick turnover type; and, thirdly, U.S. investors and businessmen are a little alarmed at the agrarian Socialism of the collective farms and the reformist Socialism of the regime.

The last-named fear is unfounded. Apart from the collective farms and other co-operatives including the Histadruth Labour Federation, which controls distribution of farm products and construction, nearly all of the economy is privately owned. As for relations with the Communist half of the world, most Israelis want to be neutral in the "cold war." Their conception of their country's future is a Middle East Switzerland.

RICHARD YAFFE

£6 a Week?

EITHER because the family budget is an engrossing subject or, it may be, because Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers are endeavouring to make the £6 minimum pay packet an election issue, scores of readers have written to comment—some critically, more in broad agreement—on the article published last week under the title "The Bare Cost of Living." The criticisms and the comparative budgets which readers have been good enough to send in seem to merit a postscript in acknowledgment.

First, "professional" Mr. Brown. Incidentally, in summarising the spendable portion of his gross income of £16 a week, I made a slip spotted by numerous eagle eyes. His income tax is, in fact, just over £3 a week; the balance of the £5 which I deducted in order to arrive at net income includes life assurance premiums. For this oversight in condensing Mr. Brown's accounts I apologise; but the error does not affect the budget—overheads, £4 0s. 11d.; food, £3 11s.; clothing, £1 5s.; marginals, £2 10s. 2d.—on which Mr. Brown and his wife live. Criticism has naturally fastened on the amount (36s. 9d.) a week spent by them on cigarettes; but it is also objected that their expediture of £65 a year on clothes is excessive. It was, in fact, divided in the proportion of £25 Mr. Brown, £40 Mrs. Brown. I am prepared to agree that if Mrs. Brown is (a) clever with her needle, and (b) has time to go bargain hunting at "sales," the cost of her clothes might be reduced to £30. As for comparative budgets, I select the following as fairly representative of those sent in:—

	Mr. X (2 children)	Mr. Y (childless)	Mr. Z (childless)
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Overheads ..	4 2 6	4 12 0	3 10 8
Food	4 9 0	3 4 0	1 18 6
Clothing	1 0 0	15 0	5 0
Marginals ..	1 5 6	8 0	11 2
Total	10 17 0	8 19 0	6 5 4

Mr. X spends 20s. a week on cigarettes; the other two families are non-smokers. All three claim that, in clothing, there has to be much "mend and make do." Mr. Z admits that his diet and, particularly that of his wife, falls below what is nutritionally desirable. In all the "professional" budgets submitted, one is struck by the high proportion of income absorbed by rent, heat and light, while the biggest fluctuating item is expenditure on tobacco. This whole salaried group seems to have become compulsorily almost teetotal.

Next, "manual" Mr. Smith. There is general agreement that a couple with a baby in London must find it difficult to make ends meet on £5 13s a week. One critic suggests that Mr. Smith might save 6s. weekly by cycling to work—a suggestion whose widespread adoption would complicate London's traffic problems catastropically. Other critics protest that the cost of heat and light would be lower in summer. That is true; but this seasonal saving goes to meet various arrears or is eaten up by additional small outings. Others again resist the contention that Mr. Smith's food budget of 33s. 3d. (including 3s. 9d. for canteen snacks) is inadequate, and that, for a decent diet, 50s. would be required. In consultation with Mrs. Smith I have framed the following "ideal" minimum account for a couple and young child: Rationed foods, milk, bread and potatoes, 19s. 6d.; vegetables and fruit, 6s.; fish, 3s. 6d.; rabbit and sausages, 3s.; tinned food, 2s. 6d.; biscuits and bought cake, 1s. 6d.; hot drinks (other than tea), 1s. 6d.; jam, etc., 1s. 6d.; miscellaneous groceries, 4s. 6d.; sweets, 6d.; total, 44s. Add 3s. 9d. for canteen snacks, and you are not far from the Smiths' 50s. minimum. All the cheaper budgets submitted by readers seemed to me either demonstrably excessive in carbohydrates and deficient in protein and Vitamin C, or else intolerably monotonous.

What is the conclusion? That there is a case for a £6 minimum weekly wage? The inflationary results of such a minimum would be considerable; and it is evident that an adult bachelor can "get by" on much less. Study of the household accounts both of professional and manual workers seems to me to lead rather to the conclusion that what is needed is a larger "married allowance" under P.A.Y.E. and, even more, extension of Family Allowances—if possible, at a doubled rate—to the first child.

AYLMER VALLANCE

So They Say . . .

FOR a few brief, intoxicating days last week petrol was (nearly) off the ration in Britain—or at least so it appeared from some sections of the press. "What a shindy over a drop of petrol!" exclaimed the *Daily Mail* ingenuously, when it was all over (February 13). "The people who are making all the noise are the Socialists," it continued. "At Devonport last Thursday Mr. Churchill made a clear and simple statement about petrol rationing. He said: 'We are determined to put an end to it at the earliest possible moment. We cannot make any definite promise at this stage because we do not know the facts.'"

It may very well be true, as the *Daily Mail* implies, that this means almost nothing; but how do we find this guarded admission of ignorance being conveyed, in banner headlines, to the reading public?

Evening Standard, February 9:—

CHURCHILL: MORE PETROL—100 MILES MORE EACH WEEK?

Daily Mail, February 10:—

WHY NOT MORE PETROL?—CHURCHILL, A.A., AND R.A.C ALL DEMAND TO KNOW.

Daily Express, February 10:—

THE PETROL IS THERE—TORIES WOULD GIVE MORE BASIC—WINSTON: RATION MIGHT END.

Daily Graphic, February 10:—

CHURCHILL CHALLENGES SOCIALISTS ON PETROL —MORE PETROL 'POSSIBLE.'

Daily Express, February 11:—

PETROL ROW BLOWS UP.

Daily Mail, February 11:—

THIS PALTRY PETROL RATION—'NO EXCUSE.'

Daily Graphic, February 11:—

MORE PETROL—NOW GAITSKELL DROPS A HINT.

(The other side: *Daily Herald*: PETROL—OR BREAD?; *News Chronicle*: ATTLEE: IT'S FOOD OR PETROL.

By Sunday (February 12), however, the papers had begun to see the red light, and there was hardly a mention of petrol amongst the lot (particularly as the only speech on the subject was one by Sir Stafford Cripps: TOBACCO BEFORE PETROL). By Monday, with the exception of the indefatigable *Daily Graphic* (TORIES RETURN TO THE ATTACK OVER PETROL) the magic word had been forgotten or relegated to the inside pages of the Conservative papers. (The *News Chronicle* reported that Australia's Food for Britain Fund was being jeopardised by "more petrol" hints, as Australians "cannot conceive of any British Government putting petrol before food.") One paper, with an eye cocked for further stunts, added a *caveat:*

Daily Mirror, February 13:—

TORY PETROL STUNT WINS VOTES FOR LABOUR. . . . this boomerang may prevent another Conservative vote-winning stunt . . there is reason to believe that a guarded pledge of cheaper cigarettes and tobacco was to be sprung on the public at the last moment. . . . Lord Beaverbrook, in fact, jumped the gun.

Daily Express, February 13:—

Put Mr. Churchill back into power, and you may expect cheaper cigarettes. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

The Moment of Truth

It was Holy Week of 1933, and we were in Seville: the town seemed to bubble and seethe with the goodwill, the energy and the relief released by the Republic. Holy Week meant bull-fighting, of a superior excellence. Belmonte was a memory, but there were new men of skill, whose daring had not yet been vitiated by the possession of much wealth and a great name. A. had never seen a *corrida*, but was willing to try one. I bought tickets in the *Sol y Sombra*, *Sol* involving too much glare, *Sombra* being too dear.

We were staying at a small hotel which was very good indeed. There was a notable waiter, whose graceful manners and gestures as he peeled an orange for A., with a knife, completely overcame the impression made by his habit of hawking up the catarrh in his throat, from which all Iberians seem to suffer. And there were two really remarkable guests, a Spaniard and an Englishwoman.

At meals, the Spaniard sat near the door into the dining-room, with an insignificant companion. He was the fattest man we had ever seen; vastly, monumentally, globally, but, and this is the point, not grotesquely fat. He carried the colossal burden of his generous flesh with unconquerable grace. One is apt to think of the Spaniard as lean: but this immensely fat man was so Spanish that he could not have been anything else.

When we came into the dining room he was already there, always; and when we left he remained, still eating. Each time we passed him he would pause to bow across the table, and not even Godoy, at his most seductive, can ever have bowed with a more courtly grace. But above all these distinctions of person and manner, was that of his voice. We listened for it the more eagerly, as he used it rarely. The key was that of the bass viol at its deepest: it was fruity, redolent of olive oil and the most mature and subtle of sweet Malaga wines.

Our country-woman, in age between fifty and sixty, was tall, slender, soldierly, and beautifully tailored. She was handsome, and seemed to have more money and fewer eccentricities than the normal type of distressed English gentlewomen who, before the war, were common in all the Mediterranean lands. She spoke Spanish correctly, which Andalucians do not, but with an uncompromisingly English accent and intonation. Yet hers was the second voice in that room which was rare and which was music.

But even had her voice been ordinary she would, I think, have imposed herself. As it was, the waiters and the proprietor were terrified of her. Not because she was rude to them; I imagine that she was incapable of rudeness to a servant. But there was in her manner, her carriage, her glance, and the indifference with which she beheld the world, the integrity of an austere self-discipline which was overwhelmingly impressive. Here, if ever such exi. :d, was a woman mistress of her soul, and therefore of the souls of those who had to serve her. And something in her rigidity proclaimed her a virgin; and that too the Spaniards respect, when it is sufficiently guarded to render its destruction distasteful, impossible or impious.

During luncheon on the day of the *corrida*, A. talked too loudly about what was to come, as was to be expected. As for me, I had first seen a bullfight when I was ten, I had seen others since then, and had long taken up a certain attitude concerning them. Bull-fighting is atrocious, and ought to be put down. Meanwhile, it is exciting and very agreeable to watch, if the matador knows his business: if he does not, I would as soon watch a slaughterman at work. At its best it is Ballet raised to the power *n* by the presence of danger, and the inevitability of death.

While we were eating the oranges peeled by the courteous martyr to catarrh, the English lady rose and approached us for the first time. She stood by our table, tall, commanding, her head politely inclined when I rose. A. asked her to sit down, and she did so but refused a glass of wine. "I could not," she said, "help overhearing your conversation." And she explained, in her beautiful voice and correct English, that she had lived long in Spain. She named the country and its people with a kind of distance, far above contempt. She was by no means the Englishwoman abroad, disliking the *natives*. She would, one felt, have beheld a hotel dining-room full of English people with precisely the same icy tolerance.

She came quickly to the point of her self-introduction: she had never been to a bull-fight; she wished, for the same reasons as she had overheard A. express, to do so; and she preferred to face what, she felt, would be a disagreeable ordeal, in the company of a countrywoman. She confessed to this weakness without false shame.

The chasseur was called and sent off to try exchanging our two tickets for three together. At great expense, he succeeded.

There was very good bullfighting that day, but I saw less of it than I might have done, having the more interesting spectacle of A.'s reaction, and that of our companion. A., by nature calm, and almost unreasonably indulgent to and considerate of animals, became wildly excited: when the more actively enthusiastic of the *afficionados* threw their hats into the arena, she snatched my new panama from my head and threw it after them. And as I had not the courage to jump into the ring during an interval, to recover it, I daresay some member of a *quadrilla* is still wearing it.

But it was the older woman who was more interesting: leaning forward, so that I could not see her expression, she was motionless, making no sign whatever of approval or disapproval. Her immobility and silence made me uneasy, they were not broken even when, in the pauses between bouts, the dead bull, ignominious and pitiful, was dragged from the arena, and preparations were made for the next bull, the next matador. The only sign she made was during the third fight, when a dramatic and brilliant political demonstration was followed by the wounding of a matador.

The *quadrilla* and the picador had finished their baiting of the bull, a huge beast, very tall, from Miura. The matador was facing it alone, a slender figure in white, his sword draped with a scarlet *capa*, his shadow as dark and clear-cut as an iron template upon the sand. Bull and man were involved in a mutually generated tension, growing intolerable as the seconds passed, the tension which can only be followed by what the Spanish call the *Moment of Truth*, which is the moment of dying.

There was a slight disturbance at the *barrera*, to which, gratefully, we gave our over-tried attention. A youth had vaulted into the arena, run like a streak across the sand, planted himself between the matador and the bull, and whipped a silk rag of scarlet from inside his jacket. He shook it out before the bull; it was large, and lettered on it in white were the words: "Death to Gil Robles."

There was a murmur from the crowd. The bull charged; and, with consummate grace and skill, the young demonstrator received the massive, horned head in his cape, turned the beast, and so went through a series of the lovely motions, made so poignantly effective to watch by the mortal danger of the man, his slightness against the great swift bulk of the bull, and the knowledge that the bull is doomed.

For perhaps two minutes the amateur held the attention of the animal, the huge audience, even the matador. Then, while the bull paused to breathe, head down, neck dark with blood, the *politico* turned his back, bowed to the matador, flung down, flat upon the sand, the cape upon which the words of his slogan were sewn, so that all could read, ran gracefully to the barrier, and vaulted it into the waiting arms of the police.

It was this incident which caused our friend to make a short, nervous movement of impatience. She still did not speak. But when the matador, having tried to resume control of the bull, which had now been in the arena too long for safety, was trapped between the animal and barrier and pinned through the thigh upon one long, sweetly curved horn, she uttered an "ah!" of annoyance, like that of a person who has just missed a train.

It was in the pause following the death of the fourth bull that A. said she would like to go. She felt, she said, as if she had eaten too much and had too many manzanillas. I spoke to our companion: I had some difficulty in attracting her attention, and when she did turn her head to me I had trouble, which I did not at once understand, in convincing myself that she heard me. "We think we should go now."

She looked at me but not as if she saw me, and I saw her eyes: they were oddly unguarded, naked, very bright, as if a cataract had been stripped from them, to leave them newly shining. I repeated, but with less confidence, that we thought of leaving. "Leaving?" she said vaguely, and then, curtly, "*Leaving?* Oh, no! There are still two bulls to die." And she returned her attention to the bustle in the arena.

We left her there, without ceremony, for it was clear that she had already left *us*. A.'s excitement had somewhat subsided. We had tea at the hotel, with the lounge to ourselves. Talking of what we had seen, A.'s excitement rose again, and she got to her feet, seized her light coat from the back of a chair, and began, to the peril of the tea-things, to demonstrate *veronicas*,

to try imitating the captivating grace of the matador *de los Reyes*. There was a soft, slow clapping from the door of the lounge as, losing her balance, she collapsed into her chair.

Startled, we both looked up: our immensely corpulent Spaniard was standing there, more impressively enormous than ever now that we saw him standing erect. He was smiling a little one-sidedly. "You have been to the *corrida?*" he said. I replied that we had. He nodded, and for a moment said nothing, and then suddenly, disconcertingly, he broke out, passionately—absurdly ignorant of or indifferent to the incongruity between his appearance and his manner—"I wish you had not gone! I wish you had not! It is the one thing in my country of which I am ashamed, ashamed!" The intense feeling in his voice, expression and manner were, in the circumstances, embarrassing. He turned clumsily and left us subdued.

That night we went unwillingly to dinner, but we need not have worried. As we entered the dining-room, the fat Spaniard was in his place. He bowed across the table with his customary courtesy. We took our places. Presently, our countrywoman came in, crossed the floor briskly, gave us her usual slight, unsmiling inclination of the head, and sat down. She did not speak to us again. The *corrida* was over.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO CONCERTS

OVER the week-end the Philharmonia Concert Society, which has hitherto not always succeeded in carrying out its brave intentions, sponsored two evenings of unusual interest: a chamber music concert at the Wigmore Hall and an orchestral concert at Covent Garden. Both were poorly supported. Evidently the poor concert-giver is now on the horns of a dilemma: if he confines himself to popular favourites, he is not only abused by the critics but finds that the fickle public itself has reached saturation point; if he chooses rare music, the minority audience is likely to decide against braving the winter cold for the sake of something which, as they reasonably feel, is "sure to turn up sooner or later in the Third Programme."

And it must be admitted that the orchestral programme, although one might have regarded it with indulgence by one's fireside, proved quite too scrappy and insubstantial for a public occasion. But it had the merit of introducing a conductor of some distinction in Igor Markewitch, known as the author of a lively book on Italy and as the successful rejuvenator of the Florentine Orchestra. Under his clear and decisive beat, the Philharmonia played with real delicacy and tonal bloom: I have not heard a better performance of Stravinsky's *Apollo Musagetes*, that delightful essay in neo-classicism, with its one shockingly cheap patch. But not even M. Markewitch could disguise the weakness of Strauss's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* suite (a box of chocolates *without* delicious centres); and by the time we had reached Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* we longed to know what this conductor could make of a solid classical or romantic masterpiece. The programme also contained a *Nocturne* by Panufnik, a young Polish composer, by whose *Lullaby for 29 strings and 2 harps* I remember being much taken a year or two ago at The Hague. The *Nocturne*, like the *Lullaby*, lies wide open to the charge of aimless impressionism: it might be the work of a latter-day Delius. It consists of an ingeniously sustained and elaborated *crescendo—decrescendo* pattern, a single arc, beginning and ending with eerie, remote sonorities. The procession of chords to and from the central climax make an undeniably logical effect; but the movement of the music is so rigidly confined to a succession of crotchets, three in a bar, and so devoid of contrapuntal interest, that a kind of monotony is induced. In a sense, no doubt, that is the composer's intention, and the piece is not exactly dull: it exerts the hypnotic power of a sinister sequence in a silent film—such a film, say, as the Renoir *Fall of the House of Usher*. I have a feeling, which cannot, at present, be substantiated (the recent recorded broadcast of his *Rustic Symphony* was technically wretched), that there is more in Andrzej Panufnik than the extreme sensibility to tone-colour and the ability to produce magical effects of suspended time, which is all we have so far sampled.

The principal event of the chamber concert was a performance of Janácek's song-cycle, *The Diary of One who Vanished*. Behind this work of the Moravian master lies one of the strangest histories imaginable. In 1916 a village boy of good family, known to us only by the initials J. D., disappeared from his home. The police, at first suspecting a crime, found the young man's diary, which contained 22 poems in that folk style which is still, in Moravia, a living tradition; and these proved to be no mere copies or literary imitations, but his own story set down in a compressed, but perfectly intelligible, shape. Janik, respectable, God-fearing and conventional to an almost unsympathetic degree, had been seduced by a hot-blooded gipsy named Zefka; the poems paint the conflict of emotions before and after this crisis in his young life, and culminate in his determination to depart with the gipsy and their infant son, and make a new life elsewhere.

The deep feeling and rough evocative power of these brief poems made a strong impression when they were published in a Brno newspaper; and Janácek immediately set them to music. The cycle is one of the most characteristic works of his maturity; the course of events is depicted with the emotional veracity of a novelist. The soft Moravian dialect generates, it seems spontaneously, a series of pregnant phrases; now harsh and jagged, now romantic and voluptuous. The piano part, often imitating or imitated by the voice, paints in bare, but telling outline the setting of this rustic drama; twilight, dawn, the lark, the ploughing oxen, the heat of the day and the cool darkness of the forest. In the central scenes, Zefka's voice (mezzo-soprano) is heard, caressing but not theatrically "seductive"; and in the wonderfully imaginative forest scene three distant female voices add a mysterious new perspective to the picture. With the boy's determination to break away from family and home, a certain gaiety and strength comes into his music, which culminates in two tremendous high Cs of heroic decision; it is the moment at which he becomes a man. This climax is one of the great things in the literature of song.

Richard Lewis, whose musicianship is ready for any enterprise, from *Idomeneo* to *Pique Dame* and *Le Vin Herbé*, was very fine in the closing sequence; Constance Shacklock did not altogether know her part, as Zefka. The piano writing, both technically and interpretatively, bristles with difficulties, and demands a fine concert pianist; John Wills tackled it pluckily, but it was really a task for Louis Kentner (who had distinguished himself in the Balakirev Sonata). It was surprising how much of the spirit of this curious masterpiece came through, since not even Debussy or Mussorgsky is more recalcitrant to translation.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE RETURN OF THE IMAGE

FOR the sculptor, form and space are always actual, not illusory: the illusion of either is the painter's province. When the sculptor drives a narrowing tunnel through wood or stone he is creating a physical reality in terms of actual space—or rather, in terms of solid form meeting a defined aerial space at a mutual boundary of definition. The surface, of wood or stone, is that defining boundary, definitive equally of a solid (reading inwards) and a volume of air (reading outwards) the true sculptor thus creates in terms of volume, and whether the work is abstract or figurative, we inevitably apprehend it at first as a harmony of contrasted volumes—volume in every case becoming articulate as form.

Miss Barbara Hepworth, whose new sculpture and drawings are now at the Lefevre, has always thought in these terms. Indeed, the main criticism which her work has prompted in the past has been that the formal discipline was too intense; the concentration on formal purity had excluded every non-formal ingredient. With the present exhibition this criticism becomes obsolete. We need not retract. Those too geometrical pebbles and half-hollowed-out egg-forms of previous exhibitions *were* too ascetic, too cleansed of that rich complement of conflicting emotions which pure form needs if it is to achieve the complex condition of art, if it is to become a full statement. But in her new sculpture, the human form (a face in some; the whole figure in others) everywhere presses through the skin of the lopsided spheres, or the springing columns with their concave surfaces. We realise, though, that the formalism of the earlier work was inevitable, the only way by which she could have come at her present remarkable quality. For her new sculpture in no way contradicts her old: but it shows additions; and they are precisely the additions one had hoped for. In introducing the profiles of nose, lips, chin, forehead, or the engraved outline of a hand or eye, Barbara Hepworth is enhancing, not diluting, the quality and power of her own abstraction. The addition of an element of representation has resulted in her abstract rhythm being elevated from a geometrical to a poetic condition. Instead of a demonstration in stone of the mechanics of form we are now presented with an image, and an image, often, of great beauty.

To describe this beauty is not easy. Where Henry Moore involves us always in profound human emotions—troubled emotion concerning our own origin and fate—Barbara Hepworth's world is crystalline, remote; her beings are visitors from a subterranean or a lunar region. Indeed her superbly simple *The Cosdon Head*, 2, has the lively, rocking, lopsided form of the waning moon and wears the same expression—inscrutable, cosmic, remote; but alive. Incidentally this new willingness to admit into her works the disturbing and disordering representational element is accompanied by a less stringent, less geometrical attitude to the actual forms themselves.

It is a possible criticism of Barbara Hepworth's sculpture that in her eagerness not to violate her material she in fact allows it to influence or

modify her conception too much. The sculptural problem she sets herself is not usually as complex as that of a Moore reclining figure: indeed it frequently involves no more than a single trunk variously planed and gouged—for example, *Rhythmic Form*, 7, in rosewood. Even the mother and child, *Eocene*, 8, is but a single body of stone, eaten away by concavities at the front, like an extremely complicated pebble (but possibly this piece is also too pictorial in its rhythms?). She rarely tackles the sort of problem you get when the arm leaves the main body at the shoulder and, after piercing space with the elbow returns to it again at the hip. There are no complex bridges of this sort. To all this, however, it could be replied that she has made the single, slim, taut, gouged, slightly bending column her own: that she has no need to cut away as deeply as Moore, for instance: that the exquisite and comparatively shallow undulations of a tense surface, in which the concave and convex are fascinatingly interwoven, is adequate recompense for the absence of weightier contrasts.

I have left to the last the most exciting piece of all; and it is the one which indicates the greatest advance: *Biolith*, 4. Completely original, and completely successful, this ton of blue ancaster stone has the outline—again—of the waning (or waxing?) moon: in mass a flattened sphere, grooved down the middle and pierced by a hole which becomes the second eye of two faces engraved on back and front. Thus one profile of a face is visible from any angle and this may be doubled by a shadow in a certain light, giving the suggestion of a face in movement—the natural turning movement of head and neck. A work of this quality is a work of genius.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

ONE of the most interesting of recent talks has been A. H. Basson's *The Mechanisation of Thought*. Complicated logical machines, it appears, are quite as feasible as machines for performing elaborate mathematical calculations. Reduce your premises to suitable formulas, feed them through the mechanism, and an answering formula rendering the correct conclusion and no other will be fed back to you. Compare this with what happens when you ask questions at an election meeting, and you will see that another revolution is on the way. Theoretically the possibilities are boundless. Professor Ayer and Father Copleston, whose celebrated discussion on logical positivism was mechanically reproduced last week, might themselves be replaced by mechanical contrivances *ab initio*, and two laborious yet fallible logicians released to useful employment. But the machine has at present a fatal flaw. Cheerfully truthful about all things else, it is liable to tell occasional small lies about itself. Here, it seems, is yet another of man's creations that partakes of his own corrupted nature.

The *Radio Times's* announcement of *Focus on Thrillers* was ominous. *Focus*, we were told, was going to behave "more light-heartedly than usual"—and what, on the air, light-heartedness can mean every listener knows. The actual programme was certainly neither critical nor substantially informative, but it did represent a clever telescoping of radio-magazine and crazy-show technique. The pistol-shots, screams, malign guffaws, creaking doors and braking cars sprayed inconsequently across the babble of addicts, librarians, publishers, initiates at Detection Clubs, policemen, eminent practitioners and the like, struck me as being genuinely funny. But in this I may have been singular, like the solitary juryman in *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

Focus decanted a generous measure of nonsense into thirty minutes; I am not sure that Sean O'Faolain was equally successful in cramming into sixty a semi-dramatised presentation of as many years in the career of John Henry Newman. In general one must feel that the embryonic chronicle play, in which some great figure is coaxed and hurried through the lustres and decades by a smooth-tongued cicerone with his eye on the studio clock, is a loose and unsatisfactory form for a serious writer. Moreover a mingling of dramatic presentation with critical commentary raises problems of taste such as could not, I think, present themselves in any other medium than radio. To conjure up the very presence of your subject, and then to drown his voice beneath your own, intent to explain how he works, can give an impression of unmannerliness such as no mixture of citation and comment on a printed page involves the hazard of. O'Faolain, who spoke his own commentary, seemed conscious of this danger. His irony, when it was touched in, was moderate and humane. But the form, even when sensitively exploited, permits of about as much artistic effect as a lantern lecture, and O'Faolain himself did far better with Newman when, in *The Train to Banbury*, he employed the severe framework of the imaginary conversation.

In his contribution to the series *The English Novel* Lord David Cecil achieved in brief space a most persuasive vindication of the genius of Scott. Having recently re-read *Nostromo*, I found myself a little inclined to doubt the proposition that *Old Mortality* is the finest political novel in the world. But anyone recalling the particular passage in *The Antiquary* cited by E. M. Forster to prove Scott's imaginative poverty must have been delighted by Lord David's deftness in going direct to it for an outstanding instance of Scott's command of dramatic poetry in his novels.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"That Others May Live," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

"Twelve O'Clock High," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

FROM too much suffering, as from too little, we do not expect good art; it was with some reluctance, therefore, that I took my seat at the Cameo-Polytechnic, where they are showing the film of the Warsaw ghetto. If the story of Warsaw itself is tragic (and already disinfected in histories as the "most brilliant" of the Nazi campaigns), what terms remain for this hell within hell? The Warsaw ghetto was created by the Nazis in 1940, and three years later, after fierce resistance, it and its inhabitants were annihilated. How could such an atrocity be revived on the screen? Wouldn't it prove too appalling to contemplate, or, if glossed over, take its place among those conventional tributes which already make the war seem a long distance off? The second, as the easiest way-out, appeared likely. But in fact the makers of *That Others May Live* have compromised staunchly; a balance has been struck between the too frightful and the too memorial, and the result—for me at any rate—is a film that realises its theme with dignity and feeling.

Restraint accomplishes a good deal. Warsaw falls: one air raid, an officer returning as a fugitive, the Nazi street patrols, establish the fact. In an apartment house, a Jewish family awaits its persecutors; a doctor, found to have Jewish blood, is blackmailed by a fellow-citizen out of flat and possessions; the untouchable arm-bands are issued; the segregation begins, and with the ghetto itself we are made aware less of the huddled quarter with barbed-wire entrances than of a Kafka-like wall—Occupation this side, disease and death that. The children, Jew and Gentile—among the small group of people we have been following—begin very quickly to wear all the attitudes, from resistance to treachery, that divide their elders. Through their senses, very largely, we experience the coming catastrophe. They slip in and out of holes like rats; one of them plies a bicycle-taxi about the town, another sews in a sweat-shop within; and on the run or rounded up in a herd they make an individual unforced appeal. It is the most frightful of adventures, but adventure all the same.

First-rate acting by the all-Polish cast, the interlocking of situation and character, and a reticence in the face of horrors have given unusual solidity to a film that has its make-shift moments, particularly at the climax. The director, who appears among the titles as Aleksander Ford, hasn't a brilliant touch, but he knows his human material and keeps his head. He achieves the sweep of his drama; and if, here and there, a last telephone call is made too long or a burning beam falls too pat, we remark the fact without irritation. An out-and-out realism hasn't fashioned this film's reality. To its credit let us note also that the Warsaw sewers are only a tenth as palatial as those that were to await Mr. Welles in Vienna.

By contrast, the merit of *Twelve O'Clock High* lies precisely in its sharp focus on a few days' strain at an American bomber station in England. One of its old officers bikes out after the war to find dismantled huts and grasses sprouting out of the runway; a ghostly slipstream, a sing-song out of the years interrupted by ominously marching chords take us into the past. The conventional flashback beautifully brought off, the film goes on to impress its tensions as economically as possible. These are in the early days of day-bombing, with too much to do and too few to do it; an end must be put to heroic losses, and to mend the strain comes an iron disciplinarian. The fact that we accept—or three-quarters accept—Mr. Gregory Peck in the part is a tribute to his acting. His pilots have to be dug out of the few comforts remaining to them, he bullies them and pulls them through, and then himself breaks down. There is no dawdling to a climax in *Twelve O'Clock High*, and the raid over Germany, staggeringly put on, reveals in action the machine whose parts have been disagreeing. No more dramatic study of the expert fighting man as such has been achieved: he doesn't even write home, and his long-delayed moments when he gets a pass to London are no concern of ours. Script, camera, and direction—by Henry King—have been fashioned to this one scrutiny.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"A Room With a View," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

The adaptors of E. M. Forster's novel were right to take their dialogue from the book. What a relief to hear instead of modern staccato lines sentences written by someone who has an ear for the rise and fall of the voice! Moreover, the subtlety of the novel was not lost, because Norman Marshall took care to preserve the balance between naturalism and symbolism. The play is full of echoes; at moments of crisis Lucy and Miss Bartlett call for the middle-class soporifics of coffee and chocolate, but are unable to drink them because reality has broken through the class fortifications; we see how Lucy's character oscillates between the positive good sense of her mother and Miss Bartlett's negative gentility. The characters exist because the producer knows what they are: among the best an excellent vignette of the New Woman by Joyce Tyler, and a fine performance by Colin Trevor of Cecil Vyse. And yet there is something wrong with the play. The dramatic conflict in the novel is the struggle for Lucy. Will she be for ever imprisoned by her own vigorous middle-class home or, as variants, by the genteel society of maiden ladies and celibate parsons or her etiolated, cultured London fiancé, Cecil? Or will she be saved by the vitality of Italy and George Emerson's kiss which showed her what it means to be loved for oneself and not for the relation in which one stands to society? The first choice is admirably presented, the second hardly at all: Italy, with its sensual freedom and with the murder which reveals the true springs of Art, is off-stage; and George Emerson is a shadow. The alternative to intolerant, virginal, class-Christianity escapes from the drama. Milton Rosmer, who plays old Mr. Emerson so admirably in Act I finds himself cast in the role

of a Shavian preacher in Act III; and what we want then is not a preacher but the catalyst of dramatic action to change Lucy's heart. These failings, however, did not destroy the air of distinction which permeated the production; and a good part of that distinction was due to the genuine and simple performance of Elenna Fraser as Lucy. She was a girl worth saving.

"The Leopard," at the Bedford

You might fancy that life in a small whaling-station on an island off the Norwegian coast is bound to be dull. Not so: Miss Dorothy Hale contrives to madden the lavender with magenta in plenty. How should an English girl react to the discovery that the supposedly ex-G.I., half-Norwegian manager of the island enterprise, Peer Halvorsen, is in fact a German who changed his uniform but not his National Socialist philosophy? Denounce him? But then she is still neurotically obsessed by love for a German husband who heard the fatal call of fatherland in 1939. A dilemma—made still more painful when her unacknowledged child (off-stage, but said to have all the Nordic qualities of his defects) falls on the rocks and is killed by Peer, lest his fractured spine make him a life-long un-Nordic weakling. Miss Hale's mechanics—the tell-tale bullet by which Peer is finally shown up, the mandolin whose strumming covers his final escape from the vengeful islanders' knives—do not always succeed in creating that necessary suspension of disbelief; nor does she quite persuade one that the girl would be cured of neurosis by the realisation that National Socialists (or is it all Germans?) must destroy what they seek to build. But in the first two acts, at least, there is stress and tension; and, as Peer, Albert Lieven misses none of his chances. In the part of the English girl, Vivienne Bennett seemed to be a shade over-bothered (perhaps understandably) by her own complexities. Pat Nye supplied excellently the kindly Norwegian background. On the whole, a brave venture, which might have been more successful if Miss Hale had not tried to answer *quite* so many questions. As it is, *The Leopard* hovers a little uneasily between action thriller, psychological study and symbolic treatment of the *Weltanschauung* of the Third Reich.

Enamels, at Gimpel Fils

The restoration of lost arts to life now extends to enamelling, thanks to such artists as Pierre and Suzanne Frémont, twenty of whose mostly small but invariably charming "pictures" are now to be seen at Gimpel Fils in South Molton Street. Madame Frémont's are perhaps the most attractive. Many are still-life flower pictures (*Marguerites*, 21, are calmly explosive, and *Anémones blanches*, 25, withdrawn, half-open, crinkly). Small in scale, these enamels by Suzanne Frémont have rare richness (precisely as much richness as they can stand) largely because of a perfect marriage of subject, scale and treatment. By comparison her husband's tiny landscapes do not share this quality of a simple conception (three anemones and a jug—no more) simply but most happily executed in just the right terms, the right degree of purely decorative blobbiness. His are slightly more suggestive of something reduced in scale: the tiny *version* of a larger composition. Also, a masculine preoccupation with structure shows in his tiny, slightly cubistic landscapes—sometimes no more than four inches by five. But his colour is less jewel-like than in the enamels by his wife, and is more reminiscent of restrained oilpaint. For her the actual blob of enamel, merged in, but distinct, still, from its neighbours, is the beginning and end of her art.

"Tomorrow's Bride," at the Preview Theatre Club

The Preview Theatre Club, which reckons among its vice-presidents Mr. Felix Aylmer, Miss Jane Baxter, Mr. James Bridie and other distinguished theatrical names, under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert Eddison, "aims to present new plays of cultural value." It opened its activities at the Lyric Theatre (Shaftesbury Avenue) last Sunday with a performance of *Tomorrow's Bride*, by Lydia Ragosin. "Cultural value" seems a slightly unpromising form of definition. There are plays of various types, good or bad of their type; and this approach fails to suggest that a serious piece of dramatic writing, instinct perhaps with "cultural value," must also be capable of coming to life in a theatre. *Tomorrow's Bride* was, undeniably, serious; it might have made a passable historical novel; it didn't make a play. Its subject is a Manchester mill-owning family in the bad pre-Chartist days, when poverty and revolution inflamed each other. Of two brothers, one was a confident bullying cotton-master, the other an idealistic radical, a potential Robert Owen. Mr. David Green played the first with sound conviction; the other, the visionary, was perhaps too tempting to the noble voice and bearing of Mr. Robert Eddison. The play constantly exceeded its own bounds with set speeches of reckless length and irrelevance; especially so in the part of a galloping Irish widow, trapped between passion and Ireland, and played by Miss Barbara Couper. Such excess wasn't made less irritating by the patent intelligence of the author and occasional evidence that she could write a good play.

Correspondence

RURAL ELECTIONEERING

SIR,—Critic speaks of the failure to "hot up" this election up to the present. In this rural constituency, always described in the past as a Tory stronghold, our experience is the reverse. In spite of downpours of rain, our village meetings are well attended, anything between 30 and 70 people turning out in villages with a population of under 400. They sit on wooden benches and behind cramped school desks and wait for the candidate's arrival even though closing-time is rapidly approaching.

All our meetings, unlike the '45 election, have been attended by Tories, and the Tory Circus, a gang of about six hecklers, follow me from meeting to meeting monotonously asking the same questions (Marshall Aid, Italian apples, and who introduced family allowances?) at each meeting. At first our lamp-lit schools made it difficult for them to read their crumpled typewritten questions, but now that we all know them by heart I start my speech by answering the questions, though this method has never yet stopped the hecklers from asking them all over again. Their "questions" are, of course, in fact short speeches. Last night in a village with a mixture of agricultural workers and well-to-do residents, the Tory Circus leader was shouted down when I explained that his question had been asked and answered at two consecutive meetings which he had attended the night before. There was uproar for a few minutes and cheers and counter-cheers such as this very respectable village can't have heard for many years. After I had left for the next village, the gang got up and clattered out just as a supporting speaker rose to her feet, and the audience shouted good riddance after them.

The Tories' nomination paper target was announced as 20,000. Every means of persuasion is used to get signatures and full use is made of people's credulity and the fear which still exists among tied-cottage occupants. Numbers of papers have also been signed by people who had no idea what they were signing. One woman was told that the Tory candidate "had got to have these signatures before he could run." Not wanting to be a spoil-sport, she duly signed, although she had already signed my nomination paper a few days previously.

An old-age pensioner, on being asked to sign by a leading figure in the local market town, made the excuse that he had not got his pen. He was lent a pen and on demurring still further he was offered the gentleman's glasses.

At every meeting I have explained to puzzled audiences that in fact only one nomination paper is necessary and have stressed that, though they may find it difficult or impossible to refuse the request of landlord or employer, the ballot is secret. This has produced a venomous attack in the local press on my "Socialist morals."

We still have to overcome the fear among the small trader and his wife that to admit Socialist sympathy is to court social stigma. A retired business man said: "I'll help you if you'll send envelopes to my house, but if the **[illegible]** next door knew that I was a Socialist he'd never ask us in to coffee."

CICELY MCCALL
Lansbury House,
Crown Street,
Bury St. Edmunds.

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

SIR,—Most graduates, I fancy, will have given a wry smile as they read the article by the High Master of Manchester Grammar School; even his plea for better salaries will, I fear, have left them cold.

Last year Manchester Grammar School boasted 1,385 pupils. In this school boys are pumped, systematically and thoroughly, with information so that they may sit for and pass School Certificate and Higher School Certificate Examinations. A boy not up to School Certificate Standard in Mathematics at the age of 14 stands in danger of being superannuated, and every year wave after wave of these 14- and 15-year-old lads are pressed into winning examination spurs to the detriment, quite frequently I suggest, of their future health and happiness.

Naturally High Master James, in common with other headmasters, is deeply concerned with the future quality and quantity of his employees, for without an adequate supply of skilful "informers" the number of examination successes will be bound to drop; and this catastrophe must be avoided at all costs. To-day, more than ever before, the success of a headmaster depends, primarily, upon his ability to "churn" out more and more certificates; the crop must be bigger and better each year, and no doubt many headmasters are hard put to it to maintain bumper harvests.

During the past twenty years the graduate has become emancipated, and nowadays few men who are able to escape the machine (in which all grammar school staffs must, inevitably, become enmeshed in time) will remain in those schools at any price. I myself taught in a large grammar school for seventeen years; but the pace became increasingly furious, and I was thankful to exchange my post for a lectureship in a training college. Here my interests are con-

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sidered and my creative ability is encouraged; and in consequence I feel ten years younger.

PHILIP L. BAYLIS

Eastbourne Training College,
Darley Road, Eastbourne.

GREECE

SIR,—Mr. Basil Davidson, like Nelson, has a way of turning a blind eye to the things he does not wish to see while with the other surveying the scene through one of those crystals which distort the form and colour of things.

His article: "Greece: Trade Union Tragedy," published in your issue of February 4, contains a number of serious mis-statements which even the most biased observer could have avoided.

In his anxiety to prove that the Greek Government is anti-democratic, he speaks of the Government's "decision" to hold the General Election under Martial Law. Surely he must know that Martial Law has already been lifted in all parts of Greece except in a few districts where mopping-up operations are still proceeding against scattered remnants of rebels. The Prime Minister, Mr. Theotokis, recently announced that Martial Law will be lifted throughout Greece before the Elections.

Mr. Davidson goes on to say that the Law of December 1947 concerning strikes provided for the death penalty for leaders of strikes and officials whose Union might join a strike. This is a gross misrepresentation which was sedulously fostered by the Communist propaganda in this country. The Act in question provided that the death penalty might be applied to strike-leaders convicted of inciting to wholesale destruction of property and murder, as had happened during the Communist outbreak of December 1944—a very different thing.

In his attempt to discredit the present leaders of the democratically elected Executive of the Greek General Confederation of Labour, Mr. Davidson says that these men are "nominees or delegates of the ruling political parties," his supporting evidence for this assertion being the fact that Messrs. Makris and Theocharides are members of the Populist (Conservative) Party. What is so terrible about that? It is not unusual for Trade Union Executives in other countries to be associated with one particular party.

If Mr. Davidson had read the Report of the British Trade Union Mission headed by Lord Citrine which visited Greece during the December 1944 troubles, he would have understood why Greek workers elected Messrs. Makris and Theocharides to the Executive in preference to Mr. Theos and others of that ilk, whose militancy is revolutionary and in no way directed to furthering the legitimate economic aspirations of the Greek working class.

Mr. Davidson, while admitting that the present leaders of the Greek Federation of Labour are quite active in supporting the workers' wage claims, concludes, somewhat inconsistently, that "Trade Union liberties have practically ceased to exist."

When the Greek authorities gave Mr. Davidson his visa to go to Greece they did not of course expect him to see things "couleur de rose" but they certainly did not foresee such a complete disregard of C. P. Scott's famous dictum "Facts are sacred, comment is free."

A. A. PALLIS

Greek Government,
Department of Information,
London, W.2.

[Mr. Davidson writes: Mr. Pallis, as usual, does his best with a hopeless case. To deal with his points briefly: (1) Martial Law began to be lifted formally on December 30 (as I said last week), a process completed only on February 8th, less than a month from the election date. In fact, however, it was made known at the same time that the decree of December 1947, outlawing the Communist party and connected organisations, would remain in force. This decree, as any Greek Socialist will assure Mr. Pallis, has had—and continues to have—disastrous results for moderates on the Left as well as for extremists. And will Mr. Pallis tell us that martial law has also been raised from those "suspects"—many of them Socialists and Liberals—now suffering exile or imprisonment? (2) On the Greek trade unions my sources were American and British and not Communist. If Mr. Pallis will re-read the text of the anti-strike law, he will find no mention of the word "wholesale." The Act referred to *any* attack on private property—a very different thing. It was repealed upon Allied insistence, not of the Greek Government's volition. (3) I should have taken a different view of the Greek trade unions to-day if I had found that the Greek Government had implemented the tenth recommendation of the British all-party Parliamentary Delegation of October 1946—that "the action of the Government in appointing a new General Council of Labour and nominating new Trade Union Executives (i.e. Makris and Co.) should be rescinded (and that) pending new elections the former elected representatives should be allowed to resume their duties." In case Mr. Pallis does not know, the General Council of the British T.U.C. is not appointed by the Government, nor is Mr. Tewson nominated by Whitehall.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—Your readers must be a little confused over the differences between Mr. Kenneth Spencer and a member of the Greek Information Department about the condition and destiny of the Greek children who were taken from Greece on account of the civil war. I suppose both parties would agree that but for the civil war and the damage that was caused to villages within the intense fighting areas the children would not have been disturbed.

Neither correspondent has specifically touched on such important points as whether the former homes of the children are in a fit state of repair, whether there are food and clothing enough for them, and schools and churches to which they can go. Mr. Hourmouzios selects with accustomed shrewdness passages from a number of reports which he interprets as supporting his contention, but I feel that your readers would rather hear the answers to the fundamental questions set out above.

It is not suggested that the children are other than well fed, clothed and housed, although Queen Frederika was induced to liken them to "little Lindbergs"—a morbidly inaccurate analogy. If they are being taught Russian as a second language, what of it? Many people who are not Communists wish they had been taught the Russian language at school. Any Communistic teaching they may receive would speedily be forgotten if democratic conditions were restored to the Greek people. One does not have to be a Communist to appreciate the force of the explanations for non-return presented to the Greek Government, which has yet to explain, in turn, how it is that, despite the practice of persuasion of which the gendarmerie are past masters, only 8,000 parents or relatives out of 28,000 have made application through the Athens Government for their children to be sent back.

The humanitarian side of this question outweighs the political aspect which is belaboured by the professional penmen of the Greek Government, apparently to obstruct any effort to bring reconciliation to the Balkans.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

A BANNED FILM

SIR,—I recently spent eight months in Israel. I saw *The Sword in the Desert* before the ban. It is a rather bad film, with possibly the worst stage Irishman of the century. It is not far removed from a Cowboy and Indian westerner. It is no more anti-British than *Odd Man Out*, *The Informer*, or the finer *Plough and The Stars*. It is no more anti-British than *Mrs. Miniver* or than the inevitable gangster film is anti-police. In point of fact it isn't anti-anybody, it is too Rotarian for words.

Which makes it all the worse that a tiny minority can, by threatening violence, stop it from being shown. This is something depressingly new in English history. And that the American film industry in a year that produced *Lost Boundaries*, *Pinky* and *Intruder in the Dust* should think fit to release such an inadequate film on so important a subject is indeed a little pathetic. But nevertheless, to allow it to be banned by Fascist-inspired rowdyism, is as stupid as voting for the Tories because of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy.

PAUL POTTS

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Professor Hogben has evaded the point of our letter, which was not concerned with the position in general of the non-European in South Africa (a matter on which we hold pronounced views) but to refute, with the facts he demanded, his non-factual thesis that the South African Government did nothing whatever for higher education for the African—or, as Professor Hogben prefers to call them, the *Bantu*. To follow him to where he has shifted his ground would be, judging by his previous letters, to plunge into a veritable plum pudding of inconsequence. May we, however, just point out one more disregarded *fact*—that we used the terms *African*, *Native* and *Coloured* throughout except once, when we spoke of *Non-Europeans*—not to "mislead the foreigner," but because we were in fact at that point referring to the three categories of which Professor Hogben gives his so helpful definitions.

52, Dorp Street, Stellenbosch, Cape.

L. MARQUARD
N. J. MARQUARD

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

SIR,—I am trying to piece together a brief history of the old St. John's Wood School in which I and my neighbours are staging our modest offering (of Purcell and Shakespeare) to the Festival of Britain, 1951. We feel that visitors to our small corner of the Festival would like to know something about this distinguished little seat of learning, and we should welcome information from any source which would help to make the story as complete as possible.

Duff House,
43a Acacia Road,
N.W.8.

BERNARD MILES
(on behalf of the Little Mermaid Company)

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Your correspondent "Newnhamite" in your issue of Feb. 4th takes Morley College to task for advertising differential salary scales for men and women in connection with the vacant post of Principal. Since Morley College functions under regulations of the Ministry of Education the criticism should, of course, have been addressed either to the Burnham Committee which negotiates the scales or to the Ministry of Education which accepts them.

Morley College,
61 Westminster Bridge Road,
S.E.1.

G. T. COTTRELL
Secretary

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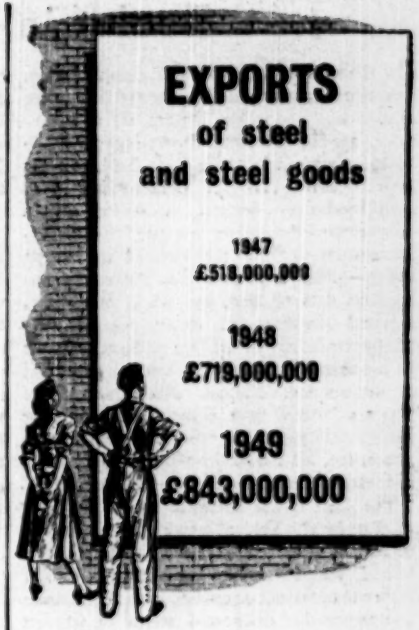

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Books in General

On the main staircase of the London Library, among portraits that, at least during dim winter afternoons, suggest the literary life of a previous age in its more depressing aspects—dark, encumbered studies with books on the floor: gaunt Victorian dining-rooms with medicine-bottles on the side-board and a pale unmarried daughter in vague Pre-Raphaelite costume behind the warmed-up mutton chops—hangs a picture that strikes an immediate note of alert and bland *insouciance*, a round whiskered face smiling out, and very nearly smirking, at us, in pleasant contrast to the solemn and careworn masks by which it is surrounded. Richard Monckton Milnes was a cultivated man of the world, noted for his sociability and his exuberant good nature, noted, too, for the strain of levity that earned him various nicknames: "London Assurance," "The Cool of the Evening" and "The Bird of Paradox." Yet, although the limitations of Milnes' character were everywhere acknowledged, and he usually commanded affection rather than respect or esteem, even his grimmer contemporaries discovered much to like in him. Carlyle, grimmest of the grim, mopes nearby on his pedestal. But Carlyle was not insensitive to the Bird of Paradox's radiant plumage. "A most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man 'he wrote to Emerson in 1840', who has long olive-blonde hair, a dimple, next to no chin, and flings his arm around your neck when he addresses you in public society".

Milnes, indeed, seems to have shared with Ruskin the knack of managing Carlyle, loved to tease him to the point of explosive frenzy, and used to emulate (according to W. E. Forster) "a naughty boy rubbing a fierce cat's tail backwards and getting in between furious growls and fiery sparks." Such are the advantages, in dealing with an irascible prophet, of coolness and assurance. Carlyle could never castigate Milnes because he could never quite seize hold of him. The scowling heavy-weight learned to admire the poised and smiling light-weight. "The best thing for you "he had once thundered" would be to be cast for some weeks, perhaps years, on a shoal of black despair." ". . . I should probably drown myself," Milnes admitted cheerfully. Not at all, retorted their fashionable friend, Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lady Ashburton: if Milnes leapt into the water, he could not forbear floating. Well, buoyancy has its charms; and, when the buoyant worldling returned from Paris in the spring of 1843, Carlyle was one of the first to extend an enthusiastic welcome. "In good hour hast thou returned" he declared. "The impatience of the public was fast mounting towards anxiety. Everybody said: 'We cannot want our Milnes!'"

A difficult subject, the reader might have assumed, for biographical treatment. Mr. Pope-Hennessy, however, has succeeded beyond expectation, since, without exaggerating his hero's importance or over-dramatising his character, he enables us to appreciate Milnes' essential quality. It was not the quality of genius or virtue. Milnes had pretensions to talent, but he did not pretend to be a great writer. He was a kindly, at moments unselfish, man; but self-indulgence was a dominant trait: he often "looked at life through the purple veil of the grape" or through the shimmering mist of a well-contrived eroticism, and frequently counselled that others should do likewise. No, the merits he possessed were of a completely different order. With the disposition of a hard-headed *homme du monde* he combined an uncommon susceptibility to intellectual influences, the open-mindedness and generosity of spirit that rarely survive an intensive worldly training. As a politician Milnes was a failure—when he rose to speak in the House of Commons his poise and wit evaporated—and as a man of letters he remained an adroit pamphleteer and a neat and fluent versifier: but as the impresario, social and literary, he almost always triumphed. At Fryston Hall and his rooms in London, his assemblage of his guests was masterly and daring: the opinions he expressed were boldly unconventional: he had real knowledge of, and a genuine passion for, what was good in literature. During later life he befriended Swinburne. John Keats' earliest biographer, he reverenced and understood the poet, at a period when Carlyle complained that editing his letters and poems was "making curry of a dead dog!"

Monckton Milnes' extended career—born in 1809, he did not die till 1885—was filled to the brim with activities and interests; and Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's present volume covers only the four decades between his birth and marriage. Too detailed it certainly is not; for this book, besides being the year-to-year account of a single man's existence, cuts a wide and revealing path through English social history.* Never before have we inspected the Victorian age precisely from this angle. Milnes lived on the edge of politics, but he was at no time wholly sunk in them. He was deeply concerned with literary developments; but, since he was part politician and part loquacious social gadabout, he avoided the jealousies and anxieties of a professional *littrateur*. Though he frequented the aristocracy, he was not by birth an aristocrat: his landowning family owed its elevation to a solid Yorkshire cloth-merchant, whose son had been a champion of Charles James Fox, a famous rider to hounds and an aspiring amateur architect, but had stabilised his already comfortable fortune by marrying a Dissenter's heiress. Hence, no doubt, the varying strains that ran through Milnes' temperament—the touch of profligacy tempered by charity, the hardihood not unmixed with caution, the inquisitive scepticism disciplined by common sense; and hence the curious independence of the position that he occupied. At his ease wherever he might choose to go, he was nowhere so thoroughly domesticated as to expect to settle down for life.

Thus he continued to hover and skim and probe. The genial undergraduate, in whom his effusive friends "the Apostles," including, of course, Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, had already begun to detect a certain lack of seriousness, became a young man who couldn't sit still and who, on a visit to a country house, would suddenly grasp a candle and rush around the library shelves, selecting one book after another, briskly ruffling through it and smartly thrusting it back again, while the rest of the company sat by in stolid wonderment. Following some adventurous travel-years, the fascination of London appeared about to capture him; but, although he enjoyed the metropolis and his rooms above Pall Mall provided admirable headquarters—the scene of his celebrated breakfast-parties and, it may be, of masculine gatherings a trifle more indecorous—he still darted to and fro between England and France, and between Westminster and Fryston, talking and collecting ideas and forming new acquaintances: George Sand and Prosper Merimée, Vigny, Tocqueville, Guizot, whom he occasionally astonished but as a rule delighted. "*Dites à* Milnes *mille tendresses pour moi* (the female novelist wrote from Nohant), *je l'aime beaucoup. . . .*" But he escaped the most embarrassing mark of her favour: Madame Sand did not make love to him. . . .

Nor, for that matter, did anyone else. True, he courted Florence Nightingale, who agreed that she might have accepted his hand, had it not been for his inveterate sociability, which made him incapable of satisfying her moral nature. But on the whole he avoided passionate love, and either could or would not plunge into emotional deep waters. To persons themselves strongly emotional, a character such as Milnes' is always slightly suspect. In Disraeli, for example, he inspired instinctive mistrust; *Tancred* contains a cruel sketch of the shallow, ebullient, irrepressible "Vavasour"; and Disraeli's attitude was adopted by many fellow politicians, who paid tribute to his social gifts and the value of his personal contacts, but, when it was a question of promotion, declined to take him seriously. So Monkton Milnes was baulked of the post—the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs—to which his international experience, he believed, entitled him and to which he had been long and keenly looking forward; and in middle age, given a less happy temperament, he would possibly have donned the funereal robes of the brilliant disappointed man, mourning over abilities frustrated and noble hopes unrealised.

Milnes, however, did nothing of the kind. His cheerfulness and natural spirit of charity seldom failed to win the day; and he slid smoothly into middle life as he had glided through his earlier phases, growing plump and rather untidy, losing his poetic ardour, yet retaining the gaily inquisitive gleam that amuses and beguiles us in his pictured lineaments. An odd addition they make to the huge Victorian portrait-gallery. As depicted by his latest biographer, Monckton Milnes, apart from his animal spirits and his overflowing physical

* *Monckton Milnes. The Years of Promise.* By James Pope-Hennessy. *Constable.* 25s.

zest, shows none of the characteristics we are accustomed to think of distinctively Victorian. That " over-excitation of the religious sense " and " irrational . . . irritability of consciences," on which Clough sadly commented in the *Epilogue to Dipsychus*, was a phenomenon which he may have understood but which plainly never troubled him. He was neither a prude nor a zealot, neither a prophet nor a preacher: he did not subscribe to any blind belief in universal progress, nor, like Carlyle and Ruskin, did he rave interminably of the wrath to come—the fast-approaching reign of " universal blockheadism "—with lamentations derived from his own particular misery. No, he speaks in quiet and normal tones; and, while he is speaking, the Victorian universe appears under a new aspect—not so extraordinary as we had perhaps imagined, at the same time far less terrifying, peopled by men and women strikingly similar to their grandchildren and their great-grand-children. We are indebted to Mr. James Pope-Hennessy for an uncommonly sound piece of biographical research work—he has shaped an enormous mass of material into a scholarly and well-documented, yet clear and entertaining, narrative. As puzzled students of the nineteenth-century world, we are also indebted to him for this refreshing point of view.

PETER QUENNELL

REGENTS PARK, 1944

I doubt if conjuror could at will convey
Out of the textile of the air and time
The particle or odour of today,
Dissolving in the passage of the time.

The tawny night that hurriedly came down
With gaping flashes over Primrose Hill,
An absent thunder on a vacant town
And a great cloud that lay across the hill.

The Americans had packed their ball-game up
And gone into the shelters with their girls,
The open park was like an empty cup.
The stormy sky had driven home the girls.

Couched in the grass on many evenings plain
With the white sunshine and the strolling shade
You would find them lying in the love profane
That made a nameless murmur of the shade.

You would find the short confusions of quick love
Pressed on the intersecting instant wild
And glazing eyes, filled with the sky above,
And ignorance of the distance always wild.

But not tonight. Tonight they have gone home
To the top-floor bedroom and the narrowing street,
The falling house, the lightless catacomb,
The stacked, anonymous, many-numbered street.

Leaving the world to darkness and to me
And to some stirring creatures in the Zoo:
The howling wolf that never will be free,
And all the rest is silence in the Zoo.

A dark night, with a menace still more dark
Flashing and smelling of another world,
Evoking in the likeness of the Park
An image of the largeness of the world.

CHARLES MADGE

THE STORIES OF GORKI

Unrequited Love and other Stories. By MAXIM GORKI. Introduction by Alan Pryce-Jones. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These five stories belong to the penultimate and Italian period of Gorki's life. The title-piece is (as one remembers his work) as good a story as he ever wrote, if we except the classical *Twenty-Six Men and a Girl*. It is a long study of an intelligent and egotistical woman of overcharged super-ego, a kind of George Eliot character made free of the Russian madhouse, who wrecks the lives of two brothers. She sees herself as a great actress, playing the best parts in the finest plays; but the truth is that she has no talent, and the audiences are drawn by her physical beauty alone. She hates and despises this sexual response, but when she at last understands her failure, she lets herself go, takes to drink, surrenders to the lovers who give her no pleasure, and tortures the faithful narrator of the story by a gluttonous and childish exploitation of his friendship and an incapacity to give him any love worth the name. In this story, and in the others which have some kind of political background drawn from the revolution of 1905, Gorki has slipped the jacket of propeganda; though, no doubt drawn by the case of the middle classes which preoccupied all his later work, he has chosen a sample individualist. Larissa, the actress, sticks to her vision of herself; even to know the unreality of it cannot change her. Tragically she is living out a fate and has the fundamental qualities of a universal figure.

Yet, powerful as Gorki is as an artist, he can rarely be said to have arrived at that serenity of eye, mind and heart in which the universal figures dwell. He has been compared to Carlyle, as Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones reminds us in a very original and perceptive introduction to the present volume; the historian who is also a story-teller, the story-teller who is half writer of autobiography:

> The stuff of all Gorki's writings is life itself and not in the form of plain literary realism but as a concentration of force leading to what, in a letter to Chehov, he called " a quickened, brighter life for mankind in general."

The characters are a wild and chaotic team, with Gorki, the charioteer, driving them towards a possible future in which everything will be better but which they will never know. They are not portrayed against the backcloth of fate or history, but against the troubled, open sky of undying hope, a future that seems to advance towards them, but (for them at any rate) cannot arrive in time. The future has played this role again and again in Russian literature and gives it its unsurpassed nostalgia and unrest; what is absent—if one may generalise—is any other than a personal sense of the human tragedy, the austere, classical and purging Western notion that tragedy is the fulfilling of an ineluctable, moral or natural law. Larissa is a great pathetic figure but not a tragic one because Gorki is there with her, engaged as a brilliant, frantic but destructive observer in her fate.

Gorki's destructiveness is the essence of his genius. A wonderful observer, a marvellous collector of scores of sharp, physical portraits, he works like a traveller, by the eye. If the eye is really *used*, so that it sees as if for the first time, it will destroy the basis of conventional or agreed impressions. And so Gorki writes by passionately breaking everything down. He is not the cool Western analyst: his analyses are engaged, vital, to some passionate and humane end like D. H. Lawrence's, as though life were here to be split up, quarried out, re-made and carted away into the future. Larissa is thoroughly broken down by Gorki's observation, though not by any brilliance of writing, for his style is neutral and without verbal distinction. He depends on the choice of significant and newly seen detail. Here is, for example, a commonplace picture of the actress in a white dress looking " dazzling," " indescribably lovely," and so on; and then

> she was lying on the couch, one slipper had dropped from her foot and the heel was as round as an apple.

Her acting is shrewdly judged:

> Larissa acted truthfully, nakedly, without guile, but even when she uttered outrageously theatrical words, the audience did not believe her, while other actresses provoked sincere enthusiasm and tears of compassion with the glamorous casuistry of their words. Even I have to admit Larissa acted in an uninteresting manner. . . . It was difficult to know whether the character Larissa represented was good or bad. And the audience likes clarity; it does not wish to think, preferring to speak. This is as it should be. Each man wants to simplify life.

There is, too, that dangerous handling of the grotesque at tragic moments, which makes pain worse by making it comical:

> I coldly took my leave and Svantzeva remained smoking on the bench as I disappeared into the wood. And then such a fierce misery overcame me, that—would you believe it?—for the first time in my life I burst into tears. I shook with sobs, realising that I had thrust away the only happiness left to me. I also felt it was unfair to Larissa. I was in such a state that, having sat down on an anthill, I never noticed it. I was stung very badly. The ants went on stinging me, but I still sat there without realising what was going on. After that I had to go and bathe and shake out all my clothes. I remained by the river all night, a black despair smouldering within me, destroying all resistance.

We laugh. One gets an affection for Russian self-parody. Whether Gorki intended us to laugh or not, we shall not know; but this indiscriminate observation which puts so much into the throw-away lines of the story has, of course, the effect of making everything bitterly, tastelessly, brutally, ludicrously human. We are made to feel the ludicrous is part of the tragedy of life, and the horrible—a squalid suicide, a drunken beating, a filthy act—the grotesque joke that frames it.

The attraction of Gorki, as of many other Russians, is (as Mr. Alan-Pryce Jones says) in the picture of a world alien to the West. " All this," as one of the characters says, " would be impossible in Paris, where people don't drive goats through the streets or chuck chicken heads out of the windows." Yes, and shout " Pig " at each other every few minutes; where there are only two social classes: the drunk and the sober. Interest fails as this pungent stuff becomes monotonous; and when Gorki, who was no thinker, switches on his thoughts. But political tales like *The Enigma* or *The Confession of a Hero* somehow drag such a random following, such a rag-and-bobtail of life into their theorisings, that it is always worth while to explore their verbosity. They describe violent revolutionary scenes, with a curiosity that is dispassionate. Destructive and anarchic himself, something of a vagabond, Gorki did not pretend that there is not a basic lust for destruction and crime in human nature which revolution uses and which revolutionaries try hypocritically to argue away. Every detail, concrete to the eye, was valid to Gorki, as it was to Zola. It was impossible, even at his most entangled and doctrinaire, to stop him seeing.

V. S. PRITCHETT

INQUEST ON YALTA

Roosevelt and the Russians. By EDWARD R. STETTINIUS. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Nothing is more irritating than the self-righteous hindsight displayed by most of those who write about the Yalta Conference. In order to make any objective assessment of Roosevelt's statesmanship on that occasion, we must judge his actions on the basis, not of our present knowledge, but of the situation as it then was and the information which was available to him at the time. Although the conference only took place just five years ago, this demands a very considerable feat of historical imagination.

The importance of *Roosevelt and the Russians* is that it assists the wary reader to accomplish this feat. Reasonably enough, Mr. Stettinius reminds us of the military situation, at the moment when the President flew to Yalta.

1. The Russian winter offensive had been successful beyond all expectations. Most of Poland and Hungary was already occupied

by the Red Army; Rumania had changed sides; and Tito had captured Belgrade.

2. In the West the Anglo-American armies had only just recovered the ground lost in the Battle of the Bulge; the Rhine had not been crossed.
3. The atom bomb had not yet been perfected; and the American Chiefs of Staff still regarded Russian participation in the final campaign against Japan as a pre-condition of victory.

The President felt that he was in a weak bargaining position, not because America and Britain were really weak, but because the Combined Chiefs of Staff had been quite unduly depressed by the Rundstedt offensive and were grossly misinformed about Japanese strength. This gave Stalin the psychological initiative; and Stettinius is undoubtedly correct when he observes (the italics are his own):

> *As a result of this military situation, it was not a question of what Great Britain and the United States would permit Russia to do in Poland, but what the two countries could persuade the Soviet Union to accept.*

It is hardly fair—because we now know that their information was incorrect—to blame Roosevelt for accepting the views of his Chiefs of Staff on the military situation. At the time there appeared to be an overwhelming case for making secret concessions to the Russians in order to ensure their declaration of war on Japan; and it also seemed obvious in February 1945 that Roosevelt could no more control Russian policy in Poland than Stalin could organise occupied France.

Up to this point Stettinius's apologia is convincing. In admirably succinct form—an hour-by-hour report on the proceedings, including a résumé of the conversations and toasts at the banquets—he confronts the detractors of Roosevelt with the actual course of the negotiations. The job needed doing.

Nevertheless this is only one half of the story—and the less interesting half. Even if it be true that the Yalta Agreements, when they were made, were a reasonable compromise, which reflected the existing balance of military success and failure, the historian must still ask whether British and American policy, as represented by Roosevelt and Churchill, was sound. In the case of Germany it clearly was not.

Stettinius tells us that some time before the conference both Governments had accepted in principle (*a*) the dismemberment of Germany, (*b*) payment by Germany of heavy reparations in kind, and (*c*) the compensation of Poland by the transfer of Germany's Eastern provinces. Mr. Eden considered himself a moderate at Yalta when he urged that not more than 8 million Germans should be expelled from their homes! Roosevelt and Churchill can be legitimately condemned, not only for accepting the idea of dismemberment before Yalta, but for making nonsense of it afterwards. If justice was to be meted out to the Poles on the basis of an Eastern dismemberment, then the French should have been permitted to dismember Western Germany as well. The one solution intolerable to the Western Powers was a one-sided dismemberment, and the survival of a rump Germany, after the Eastern bloc had taken their pound of flesh. By permitting this to happen, Roosevelt and Churchill made Germany the running sore of Europe and the main cause of dissension between the Big Three. If the whole idea of dismemberment was criminal, partial dismemberment was criminal folly.

The second reason why the Yalta agreements broke down was the abrupt cessation of Lend-Lease. It is clear from Stettinius's account (pages 115 and 116) that Molotov regarded the question of German reparations as closely connected with that of an American loan; and the State Department and the Treasury apparently had envisaged the possibility of large-scale credits to Russia some time before Yalta. The President, however, failed to discuss the matter with Stalin, despite an inquiry from Molotov. Presumably he was afraid of raising an issue which needed Congressional assent; but the result was disastrous. When Lend-Lease stopped, not even Harry Hopkins, on his last Moscow mission, was able to allay Stalin's suspicions and hopes—suspicions of American good will, hopes of American isolationism.

Here we come to the third and most crucial reason why the whole conference was abortive. In describing the proceedings on the second day, Stettinius relates:

> At this point Stalin asked the President to express an opinion as to how long the United States would be willing to keep occupation forces in Germany. The President replied, "I can get the people and Congress to co-operate fully for peace but not to keep an army in Europe for a long time. Two years would be the limit."

Once again we must avoid wisdom after the event and remember the helter-skelter American demobilisation which actually took place a few months later. One can criticise Roosevelt's frankness; but one must admit that he could not truthfully have given a different answer. The admission, however—with its implication that the Far East was the only area where Russia would have to reckon on American intervention—must have disarmed those members of the Politburo (including Stalin?) who advocated a policy of genuine Three Power collaboration in Europe. Why should Russia moderate her ambitions, if all she had against her was France and Britain? And equally, why should she not be accommodating at Yalta? It is clear that Stalin's last-minute agreement to French participation in the German Control Commission was the direct result of Roosevelt's unexpected frankness about American isolationism. The Kremlin, not unnaturally, assumed that, with America out of the way, Britain and France would accept the Russian line in Poland and Germany. For at Yalta it was the Americans who were making difficulties, whereas Mr. Eden's attitude on many issues—including his admission that "the Soviet Union was a natural consumer of Iranian oil"—seemed to indicate that Britain would accommodate itself to the new status of Russia in Europe and the Near East.

Under the conditions foreseen by the Big Three at Yalta, Three-Power unity involved (1) an American-Russian understanding in the Far East, (2) an American withdrawal from Europe, and (3) the survival of Britain and France as "middle" powers, concerned to conserve their spheres of influence on the Atlantic coast and in the Mediterranean, but unable to threaten Russia in Europe because they would not have American backing. To the Kremlin no arrangement could have seemed more advantageous. No wonder that Stalin toasted Churchill and Eden, congratulated them on their Greek policy and confidently predicted that there would never be a Labour Government! From his point of view a Tory Britain, anxious at any price to conserve an Empire, which was ultimately bound to collapse, was an ideal neighbour.

We can now see that the attitude of all the participants at Yalta was based on wish-fulfilment. Accepting the inevitability of an isolationism which he abhorred, Roosevelt hoped desperately to make up for this American weakness by constructing the United Nations Organisation. Somehow the Security Council was to be a substitute for an American policy in Europe, and the Economic and Social Council an alibi for the absence of an American loan to Russia. He could hardly have believed this would work. But, in terms of American domestic politics, what could he do but hope for the best? The Russian attitude was also based on illusions. After listening to Roosevelt and watching Mr. Byrnes, who seems to have acted as the watchdog of the isolationists, they assumed that they could go ahead with the assimilation of Eastern Europe and the dismemberment not only of Germany but of the British Empire. As for the British, Mr. Churchill seems to have put his trust in the power of his own oratory; while Mr. Eden and the Foreign Office persuaded themselves that they might strike a better bargain with Russia if they began to cut loose from America. No one at Yalta could conceive that the European balance of power had been finally destroyed; and that America, whatever her inclinations, could disinterest herself in Europe no more and no less than the Soviet Union. If, in February 1945, anybody had suggested that American isolationism was dead, he would have been regarded as insane. It took four years of Molotov's diplomacy to produce Marshall Aid and the Atlantic Pact.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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ings might belong to any eclectic period. But Léger is an artist of the machine age—even his human figures are mechanised, and he has invented a whole iconography which represents our civilisation as effectively as the images of saints represent the Middle Ages. He has not only elaborated the appropriate images, but has also created an appropriate technique of form and colour, and even, Mr. Cooper says, *un nouvel espace*. I find it difficult to apprehend new varieties of space, but Léger has certainly carried the use of pure colours to a degree of freedom which might almost be intended as an assault on the jaded sensibility of the connoisseur. It is, nevertheless, perfectly suited to his mechanical images. And it is this brutal quality which has no doubt prevented Léger from developing whole-heartedly into an abstract painter. He has admitted that in his view "abstract art is dominated by that same desire for complete and absolute freedom and perfection which inspires saints, heroes and madmen"—categories to which he knew he had no pretensions. "To be free *and yet not to lose touch with reality*"—it is on the horns of that dilemma that Léger has erected his daring art. He does not always succeed; sometimes an image of reality—an eye or a profile—obtrudes with disturbing effect into some otherwise satisfactory abstraction; and sometimes his realism is too blunt and empty. But at his best he is a painter of great sensibility and power, qualities which do not so readily consort in most contemporary painters.

Léger's art in general raises a problem of some sociological interest. His art is representative, not of some vague "spirit of the age," but of the life and daily preoccupations of our urban proletariat. During the war of 1914-18 Léger had a revelation of "the exuberance, the variety, the humour, the perfection of certain types of men" with whom he then found himself in contact. "I found them poets, inventors of everyday poetic images—I am thinking of their colourful and adaptable use of slang. Once I had got my teeth into that sort of reality I never let go of objects again." Léger has been, more than any other modern painter, the artist who has given inspired expression to "everyday poetic images." But the people from whose ranks he sprang, with whom he has always sympathised, and whose daily life he has depicted, have shown little appreciation of his genius and made no use whatsoever of his capacities. Léger should have been the artist of the great trade unions and syndicates, decorating their halls and factories with his brilliant murals. As a matter of fact the only outlets to this direction of his talent have been given by American millionaires, Swedish ballet producers and the Roman Catholic Church. There could not be a better demonstration of the failure of the emergent social forces of our time to grasp the opportunities that have been offered them of creating a concordant culture. Among the major forces of history none has been so visually blind, so æsthetically indifferent, as the one that is now everywhere dominant.

HERBERT READ

Two Young Men...

Two young men in their early thirties, George Weidenfeld and Nigel Nicolson, went into publishing a year ago. People said they were foolhardy—they themselves thought so too at times—but as luck would have it th. first three books on their list have been major successes, both with critics and public.

Charlotte Haldane's Autobiography, TRUTH WILL OUT, is the frank and outspoken life-story of a courageous woman who joined the Communist Party in 1937. She acted as their agent in Europe and the Far East, and as an underground member of the Comintern in Paris. But she grew disillusioned after a visit to Russia in 1941 and broke with the Party completely. "This lively and exciting book" says the *Manchester Guardian*, "has deep political significance. It exposes . . . the fascination of the Communist system for the 'emancipated,' particularly those who were either born without political sense or failed to develop it, and why it is accepted unquestioningly by minds in other spheres admittedly acute . . . She spares neither herself nor others in her endeavour to state the truth as she sees it, and in so doing, she lays bare the merits and demerits of a generation."

Another book whose success has been instantaneous is MUSSOLINI'S MEMOIRS (1942-43), the Dictator's personal account of the events which immediately preceded and followed the capitulation of the Italian armies, and the total ruin of his regime; and it includes a thrilling account of his rescue by Hitler's orders from the mountain-top in Italy where he was imprisoned by his own troops. "Mussolini was an able journalist" says C. M. Woodhouse in his *Spectator* review, "and the composite result is an undesignedly revealing picture of the man himself and his astonishing circle."

A book whose literary quality and merits have been acclaimed by most of the critics is Baroness Budberg's translation of five of Maxim Gorki's best short stories, hitherto unknown in this country, UNREQUITED LOVE AND OTHER STORIES. Written when Gorki was in his fifties and living in Sorrento, where Baroness Budberg acted as his secretary, each of these stories, as Alan Pryce Jones remarks in his Introduction, bears the "stamp of mastery." And in her long review in the *Observer*, Naomi Lewis writes: "What we cannot fail to notice is the energy and strength that distinguish him from nearly every writer of the period. His style—even in translation—is an expression of it."

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THE DEBATE GOES ON

The British Political Tradition. Volume I: The Debate on the American Revolution, 1761–1783. Edited by MAX BELOFF. Volume II: The Debate on the French Revolution, 1789–1799. Edited by ALFRED COBBAN. *Nicholas Kaye*. 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

These are the first two books of a series intended to present, through selected documents, speeches, letters and similar material, the controversies which, at different times, have helped to shape the British political tradition. Further volumes are announced on the debates which have fashioned Conservative, Liberal, Socialist and other patterns of thought in this country. Historical selections have been much in fashion these last years, often with deplorable results. The work of editing and selecting relevant material is enormously difficult, the pitfalls innumerable. It is therefore pleasant to record that both Mr. Beloff and Dr. Cobban have excellently performed their task and set high standards for those who are to follow them.

Mr. Beloff presents a selection of the most representative contributions to the debate on the constitutional and political rights and duties of the American colonies and on the implications which contemporaries, American and British, sought to draw from their definition. His choice of documents illustrates how the debate moved from a demand on the part of the colonists for limited constitutional guarantees to the advocacy of full independence. It is interesting to contrast the eloquent efforts of men like Burke and Chatham to persuade the Government of the need for compromise based on expediency with the determination of others such as Soames Jenyns, M.P., not to give in, because the acceptance of the American demands would have implied the condemnation of the British political system itself. And there were yet others who based their defence of British policy on Blackstonian assertions that "what the Parliament doth, no authority upon earth can undo," an argument that the Americans, as Mr. Beloff notes in his helpful introduction, were to find unimpressive. This compilation is a useful reminder of the configuration of Anglo-American political thought during this period.

Dr. Cobban has admirably succeeded in showing the hopes and fears which the French Revolution generated in this country and the viciousness of the repression which the mild attempts to translate hope into reality evoked. His obvious mastery of the material makes him an ideal guide on the journey through the ten years in which the controversy most acutely raged. The debate was immediately joined between those, like Wordsworth, the good Dr. Price and the Editor of the *Analytical Review*, who were fired by the events in Paris and those, for whom Burke spoke, who watched developments with a "neutral hostility" that was soon to turn into bitter hatred. And as the debate went on it brought forward the advocates of Parliamentary reform like Henry Flood, the Irish leader, or Henry Yorke, the Sheffield revolutionary orator, as well as the pious platitudes of Archdeacon Paley in defence of the rights of property and privilege. It also brought the suspension of Habeus Corpus, the Royal Proclamation against Seditious Writings and the treason trials. It is instructive to read Lord Braxfield's addresses to the juries in the trials for sedition of men like Muir, Skirving and that queer character Margarot. As the Revolution proceeded, opinion in this country was to turn against it, and many who had been its eager devotees were to make vociferous amends for their errors. It is all this, the very spirit of an epoch, which Dr. Cobban brings to life and illuminates with a brilliant introductory essay on his subject.

Both the American and the French Revolutions, and especially the latter, raised issues that challenged the very basis of existing English institutions. Both demanded answers to questions that had a fundamental relevance for England, no less than for France or America. It would be a rash man indeed who would maintain that those issues have even yet found their ultimate solution. It is the merit of these books that they help to understand what the debate was about, and, what is no less interesting for us, why it still goes on.

RALPH MILIBAND

VIGOUR AND POETRY

Criticism and Creation. By H. J. C. GRIERSON. *Chatto & Windus*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

At the age of eighty-three, Sir Herbert Grierson remains one of the most vigorous and stimulating of our academic critics. There is not the least need to approach his latest collection of essays with the hushed attention we give to the utterances of a venerable sage. His strength is not in the magisterial verdict, the lapidary sentence that epitomises a lifetime's meditations, but in the alertness and energy of his mind. The words we remember are not final judgments, but happy phrases that light up a whole landscape of literature: "The kind of poetry" (he is talking of Scots dialect) "which wanders through local papers, but which Burns suddenly exalted by the inspiration of genius and a passionate temperament."

After forty-one years of teaching English—Professor Grierson succeeded Saintsbury at Edinburgh in 1916, and had been a Professor at Aberdeen before that—he still vigorously refuses to regard it as a closed academic subject, a field which patient workers have almost brought into perfect order. For him, it is still an endless adventure, a jungle indeed, for whose exploration a man needs not so much a tidy mind as sensibility, enthusiasm, and something of the creative imagination himself. And his criticism is youthful and fresh not because he ploddingly "keeps up with the young"—he often disagrees with them—but because he still brings to literature the passionate interest of the young reader.

Reading these papers is like listening to the conversation of a man who positively invites you to interrupt, but is off and away again himself before you have quite marshalled your arguments. "What is the relation of the critic to the work of the creative artist?"—down he flings this tremendous question, and away we go at a hard gallop. Why was the *Cid* condemned by the pundits while the audiences crowded into Mondory's Theatre? Better go back to Aristotle at this point, to clear up this business of Rules. Of course, the Italian Renaissance critics were dense about them—and look what Pope made of them in the *Essay*. But how really did the rules work? Why was there all that fuss about the *Orlando Furioso*? What were the conditions the classical theatre in France aspired to? In its final form—Professor Grierson here turns round with a helping generalisation—French tragedy was the outcome of tension between creative genius and academic authority. Rules had a

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bracing effect there; but not in our country of individualists. And here we dart down a side alley and consider the Imagists for a moment—the sixteenth-century English poets were really imagists without a programme or a theory. Back to Jonson and rules; and a comparison between Jonson's classicism and Milton's. Classic and Romantic—why did we have no great debate at the turn of the eighteenth century as they did in Germany and France? What were we debating instead? Diction—and imagination. And now for a clear run, with Coleridge and Valéry and "a poem as an indissoluble union of sound and sense." "Under sound," suddenly remarks Professor Grierson "I would include what are sensations of the mouth as well as the ear . . . a good poem is sweet in the mouth and pleasant to the ear." Sound leads on to metre—and it is important to remember that metre is an abstraction: "the metre of a good poem is the metre of *that* poem and of no other, even if we can call the metre of two different poems by some common name." What is there actually in common between the verse of *Hudibras* and *The Eve of St. Mark*? What is the imagination-charged language of Joyce—verse or prose? With a cast back to Aristotle, we pick up the scent again; and in a final burst Professor Grierson gives us two admirable paragraphs on the critic's function to-day—on his occupational temptations of prejudice and dogmatism, on the rules that really are significant.

All Professor Grierson's characteristics are here: the wide reading, the living interest that sees the connection between works far separated in space and time, the open inquiring mind, the personal experience, the sense that it really does matter that we should think deeply about the nature of imagination. They are qualities he shares with the greatest English teachers, with Walter Raleigh and W. P. Ker. The three following papers, on the metaphysics of Donne and Milton, Donne and the *Via Media*, and Milton and Political Liberty, give room for the free play of his more specialised seventeenth-century interests, and remind us of our great debt to him. We take for granted the assured place of Donne and the metaphysical poets in the canon of English poetry; but it was largely Professor Grierson's great edition of Donne in 1912, and his anthology of the Metaphysicals in 1921, that made our familiarity and admiration possible.

In his last paper, on verse translation, Professor Grierson reveals something of the source of his vitality as a critic. He could not himself be a poet, he tells us, because though he liked writing poetry, he was never possessed entirely by a poem he felt he must write. But he has been possessed by the poems of others, in other languages, and been compelled to make them his own by translation. Many will remember his versions of French and Dutch poems; their real importance, one feels after reading this book, is not in the verbal felicities he scored, but in the share they gave him in the process of poetic creation. He is a Professor who sees literature from the maker's side.

JANET ADAM SMITH

NEW NOVELS

The Big Wheel. By JOHN BROOKS. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

The Dreams. By ANNA SEBASTIAN. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

The Ruthless Innocent. By PATRICK BALFOUR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9s. 6d.

Midnight Lace. By MACKINLAY KANTOR. *Falcon Press.* 10s. 6d.

The relation of a man to his job is always a good theme, and, for an American novelist, one of the best. Anyone who has ever worked for an American firm knows how the life of the staff centres round the office. The working day is prolonged in bars or in each other's flats, where members meet to talk shop or scandal, form new coalitions and *liaisons* and plan both public and private campaigns. It is a world with a special language, a world of intense, shifting relationships, whose inmates are as much bored and ill at ease with outsiders as actors or schoolboys.

In *The Big Wheel* John Brooks reproduces the atmosphere of a New York weekly picture paper so perfectly that one feels like a feature writer on *Present Day* oneself. One watches one's fellows being baited by, or scoring off, a detested superior at an editorial conference; one produces one's own ideas and is shamefully pleased when the detested superior passes one of them; one suffers schizophrenic agonies about working for *Present Day* at all:

> Everything in *Present Day* had to sound infallible, to be the absolute and irrefutable last word, written by experts who had access to all answers. . . . What manner of men were they . . . these sages? . . . Young people and not-quite-so-young people caught in the common doubt of frightening times, intellectual enough to ask all the questions but not to supply any of the answers, even to themselves. They led double lives, the expert, self-confident life in print and the self-castigating life in the flesh. They lived by pretending they had the Truth, when all they really had was the News.

Mr. Brooks's collection of highly paid journalists (most of whose salary goes on expensive anæsthetics) makes up a most convincing magazine staff. It ranges from the simple go-getters and sycophants who will go to any length to keep their jobs to the more complex mixtures of cynicism and idealism who are incessantly driven to explain to themselves and each other why they don't resign just yet. By a pretty stroke of irony the only man who does resign for reasons of conscience is not the unhappy agnostic condemned to run the religious page or the young man shocked by the paper's Procrustean method with facts but the editor himself, the only man who believes in *Present Day* and in the complete integrity of his staff.

Masterson, "half-salesman, half-thinker" and wholly sincere, is a fascinating study, and the crisis which breaks him is brilliantly devised. He sacks a man, not for incompetence but because "he submitted material that he didn't believe in." When nearly half the staff threaten to resign if their colleague is fired, Masterson asks the young man who tells the story:

> "Do these men often have private reservations about the things they do up here?"
> "I think pretty often," I said to the floor.
> "Then why for God's sake do they go on working here? Don't tell me it's for the money."
> "Money probably has something to do with it."

Something to do with it, yes. Yet the answer to Masterson's question does not lie entirely in money or even in power. Nor does Mr. Brooks present any glib solution. What he does do is to state his problem wittily, precisely and with the blessed readability of the *New Yorker* at its best.

I felt better disposed than ever towards the lucid realism of *The Big Wheel* after I had read Anna Sebastian's *The Dreams*. I know nothing of her two earlier novels which the blurb tells me were "highly praised by discerning critics as the work of a writer with a strange new talent for exploring the borderland between the fantastic and the real." Though the book repelled me from the first page, I read steadily through to the last, hoping for the promised reward of "a growing comprehension of the author's design." This hope was not realised. I am far from having a resistance to material drawn from unconscious fantasies, dreams or even insanity. But this shapeless medley of monologues and dialogues, interior or spoken, woven round insubstantial figures of drunks, deaf-mutes and amorous bores of both sexes struck me merely as a laboured piece of manufactured surrealism. It lacked both the poetry and the wild logic of true unconscious material and the power to make a "real" situation more vivid by the subtle use of reverie or dream distortion which artists like Tolstoy, Joyce and Dostoievsky use consciously and to great effect.

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Three typical quotations should be enough to give the flavour of *The Dreams*.

"I want three," she said, "I want them. I want them. I want them. I've only had them since that ceiling cracked. One at each wall so that when it rains I can move from one bed into the other. I want three beds! And now it's all over. . . ."

My eyes lay in his yellow hair like cornflowers. . . . His skin was pale and creamy in the thin moon like the flesh of a banana. . . . So I lay beside him, and if I had had a knife I would have cut deeply into his flesh to feel the warm blood trickle out of the wound. I felt like cutting the sky open. . . . I wanted to see the intestines of the sky, see them and feel them. . . .

Under the bed the horses jumped over the china dolls and the butterflies sat in a lion's mane.

Much of the book takes place in a hangover atmosphere of pubs smelling of stale beer and vomit or in dirty bedrooms where young women rape old men and young men assault elderly widows, but occasionally it switches over to a still more nauseating whimsy. For example, a singularly unpleasant young man remarks to a singularly irritating young woman, "Your freckles are the pink pearls on your white handbag. And your breasts are your white tulle bodice and your hips are the wide folds of your skirt. Your big toes are the nicest, daintiest little slippers I've ever seen," etc., etc. Perhaps what makes me rage so furiously about *The Dreams* is that it seems to be the overstraining and perversion of a genuine sensibility. There is a passage on pages 60–61 about three men in telephone booths which shows what Anna Sebastian could do if she would stop forcing the note of monotonous hysteria and lower her voice to a normal pitch.

The other pair of American and English novels provide a much less violent contrast and have indeed something in common. The heroines of Patrick Balfour's *The Ruthless Innocent* and Mackinlay Kantor's *Midnight Lace* are respectively twentieth-century versions of Dora Copperfield and Becky Sharp. Sally, the "ruthless innocent," child-mistress, child-wife and child-adulteress, is a typical by-product of the Twenties. She is drawn with considerable charm and skill, and Patrick Balfour manages to convey what Dickens never even attempted with Dora . . . how the pretty, exasperating creature appears to herself. Mr. Balfour writes like a gentleman and a talented amateur. Mr. Kantor does not write like a gentleman, but he does write like a professional. His portrait of the shrewd attractive milliner with a shabby past who captures the most eligible bachelor in a mid-west town and turns respectable is done in coarse, but vivid strokes; a poster, not a water-colour. The background is 1911, and both the millinery and the mentality are so convincingly done that the book has the air of being either an extraordinarily clever *pastiche* or an actual novel of the period.

ANTONIA WHITE

ON PROBATION

Court Circular. By SEWELL STOKES. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

In the summer of 1941 Mr. Stokes became a Probation Officer at Bow Street. Previous experience as a Prison Visitor at Wormwood Scrubs may have taught him the technique—he had already watched the varying attitudes of persons attempting to gain the confidence of the delinquent, the "Sunbeams," the "Crusaders," and the "Old Dears"—but it can hardly have prepared him for the fantastic experiences of the next four years, of which this book is the record.

A prefatory note warns the reader against disbelief: it is a sensible precaution. But his brilliant descriptive gifts are sufficient to make his experiences, though bizarre, seem entirely credible. This is the more important since he is writing not about the Probation System but about the probationers. Criticisms of the System, referred to by Mr. Stokes's late colleagues as "the Work," are only incidental:

> Too many planned reforms, it has always struck me, suffer from a sense of piety, with which they are infected by their well-meaning sponsors.

Mr. Stokes's attitude is not pious, nor is it flippant. He combines a seriousness, which one is all the more inclined to take seriously because it is clearly not manufactured for the occasion, with a strong sense of humour, and he has produced a book which is extremely funny, without ever allowing the humour to degenerate into a private joke.

Though the origins of the Probation System are not examined, its agents and representatives are—the magistrates, the police, the probation officers and their relationship to the Court. They provide a frame for Mr. Stokes's particular problem, that of how to persuade his charges, the probationers, to make some working mental adjustment between their own tortuously private worlds and the real facts of their particular situations. There was no lack of material. There were the natural comedians: Lady Ursula Popham—"I don't suppose you've ever been to a party lasting three days that gets bloodier and bloodier every minute"; the unfortunate Violet Hodge, who under the influence of Rita Hayworth dyed her hair from brunette to red, also dying her nits in the process, but unfortunately without destroying them: the perennial cadgers and visitors, the seekers after Separation Orders rushing down to the Court to expose the evidence of their bruises, the ten o'clock chorus, and the alcoholic baronet. There were also the tragedies: Gaston, the coloured boy with a pleasant smile and gentle manners who remained an enigma until he was found looking through a keyhole with an iron bar in his hand; Postlethwaite, who had the psychiatrist's report on his case read at him in Court, "mental age eleven . . . not at present certifiable . . . but condition likely to deteriorate."

The clarity and deceptive simplicity of Mr. Stokes's style is admirably suited to its purpose—to present a picture. No judgments (except in an occasional outburst of anger) are made, though some are implied. Though temporarily privileged to observe his subject from an official position Mr. Stokes remained an amateur. The position has its advantages: for the writer, freedom to observe rather than justify; for the probation officer, relief from the desire to impose systems of behaviour on others from above, and from indignation that the systems fail to work. The immediacy and vividness of Mr. Stokes's descriptions of his eccentric charges and the value of this book, lie in his treatment of them not as the material of a problem, but as themselves.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

CONTROLS AND THE PRICE MECHANISM

The Principles of Economic Planning. By W. ARTHUR LEWIS. *Dobson and Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

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is more dubious. He is far too realistic an analyst to be trapped into arguing for the immediate abolition of physical controls. Yet there can be no doubt that the bulk of the book only too easily lends itself to the interpretation that Professor Lewis wishes the State to restrict itself to acting through the price mechanism. In his impatience with the more extreme planners, he is prepared to sacrifice controls too readily.

He distinguishes sharply between planning by inducement and planning by direction. The former—which he prefers—relies on the market mechanism; it acts on incentives and operates through taxation and budgetary and interest-rate policy, that is, by measures which influence broadly the size and distribution of demand. For the rest, the State should try to restore the effectiveness of competition by anti-monopoly legislation, by a reform of patent laws and so on, and, possibly, by the establishment of State-owned factories. Social equality is to be secured by a capital levy and heavy direct taxation. Domestic stability can be attained by the alternation of Budget deficits and surpluses. Once these conditions have been secured, the market-economy should be left to itself. Even the planning of foreign trade is to be indirect.

Now, if Britain were the United States; if she had inexhaustible reserves of gold; if her industrial supremacy were unchallenged and her balance of payments showed an almost perpetual surplus; if she attracted the best entrepreneurs and technicians of four continents—then what Professor Lewis has to say could be accepted in principle. But the facts are very different. Moreover, even in favourable circumstances, it would still be doubtful whether the trade unions could be persuaded to accept a policy of wage stabilisation if the price of necessities were not directly controlled. Equally it is doubtful whether budgetary and interest policy can prevent booms and slumps, even apart from external shocks. As for changes in taxation, the effects are slow to mature and, in a slump, they could be almost completely nullified. Finally, the steady lowering of the rate of interest, essential for long-term, stable progress, is incompatible with the use of the rate of interest as a short-term instrument for checking over-investment.

Professor Lewis has often condemned, especially in colonial affairs, the hasty application of what he terms "curvology"—that is, static, and abstract theories—to practical problems. It is a pity that he should not have demonstrated at greater length his reasons for thinking that a "mixed" economic system can be workable despite the steep taxation and capital levies of his proposals. Even the very imperfect social equality now prevailing in Britain is attacked by businessmen as paralysing enterprise. Moreover, a "small" capital levy might well increase capital consumption and threaten stability without affecting social inequality, while a capital levy sufficiently savage to produce social equality would involve the State in taking over a very large part of capital assets. Are not direct controls a simpler solution?

Despite these criticisms, Professor Lewis's book should be carefully read by everyone interested in the problems and difficulties of economic planning. It should have a salutary effect both on those who believe that economic controls are easy to administer, and those who tend to disregard illogically the whole market mechanism. Finally, his plea for the decentralisation of power will remain a classic statement of the case for a much neglected aspect of democratic Socialism.

T. BALOGH

Macedonia. By ELISABETH BARKER. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 5s.

This small work is a useful and important contribution to an understanding of the rivalries over Macedonia which have divided and weakened the Balkan Communist Parties for the past twenty years, and which continue to divide them today. Miss Barker clears a pathway through the maze of plot and counter-plot in terms of which the latter-day history of the Macedonians is largely written, although, as she is careful to note, she is obliged by the poverty of Bulgarian sources to write "mainly from the Yugoslav viewpoint"—at least as far as the last few years are concerned. She has a brief section, supported by a useful collection of published statements and declarations of policy, on the embarrassments of the Greek Communist Parties in dealing with the Macedonian question. But her book is most interesting, perhaps, where it touches upon Marshal Tito's attitude towards this traditional apple of discord. It is now clear that differences between the Bulgarian and Yugoslav Communists again became acute, after a period of partial eclipse, in the early months of the war. "Tito's minimum objective," Miss Barker writes, "was to retain Yugoslav Macedonia within the frontiers of Yugoslavia. His maximum objective was to bring about the union of Bulgarian Macedonia, and possibly also part of Greek Macedonia, with Yugoslav Macedonia, under his own aegis." Miss Barker is probably underestimating the influence of the Comintern on the Bulgarian Communists when she suggests that the Bulgarians hoped in their turn to seize Yugoslav Macedonia. But she comes very near the heart of Moscow's charge of "Yugoslav chauvinism" when she notes that Marshal Tito was quite clear that "if there were to be a greater Macedonia, it was to be based on Yugoslav Macedonia, not on either of the other parts of Macedonia. Never at any time after 1941 was there the slightest hint that the Yugoslav Communists were prepared, in practical terms, to grant the Yugoslav Macedonians the Stalinist right of 'secession'". There seems little doubt now that it was in this Yugoslav yearning for "hegemony in the Balkans" that the Cominform saw Marshal Tito's most heinous deviation. Miss Barker has done well to cram so much material into so little space. Inevitably, perhaps, the background to her story—especially her account of Stalin's policy towards national minorities and formerly subject peoples—is superficial and unsatisfactory.

London South of the River. By SAM PRICE MYERS. *Elek.* 15s.

This is a new, and timely, volume in the Vision of England series. Mr. Myers is a Lancashire man who came to London forty years ago and has lived all those forty years south of the river, spending his leisure walking in Battersea, Greenwich or Blackheath making topographical discoveries and taking every opportunity to gather information from postmen, parsons, road-sweepers or lightermen. It is a pity that not all of the enthusiasm which he had for his subject has come through in the text, which suffers, as so many similar books do, from a congestion of historical material that has not been completely assimilated into Mr. Myer's own style. But even so it is useful to have so much information gathered for us, and the book will stimulate many North Bank readers to spend a Saturday afternoon sightseeing in Blackheath or tracking down that strange eighteenth-century Albury Street, Deptford, where irregularity in terrace architecture seems to have been permitted for once. Miss Rachel Reckitt has illustrated the book with some excellent, if naive, wood engravings and there are many photographs—some of them good.

Introducing the Theatre. By ERNEST SHORT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18s.

This book, which will delight theatre fans, is rather difficult to describe. Reading it is less like reading than like sitting comfortably in some theatrical pub, listening to story after story drawn from Mr. Short's capacious memory. Chapter headings such as "Theme in Drama," "The Faculty of Tears," "The Function of Criticism," "Spectacle in the Theatre," "Voice in the Theatre" are deceptively portentous. They are merely starting points for, or ways of grouping, anecdotal accounts of plays and players, or illustrations of principles lightly laid down. Mr. Short is interested, here, not in "The Drama," but in the particular effects which the theatre offers, the various ways in which they can be achieved and the rare occasions when they have been brought off to perfection. He is as much at home among the comics and the drolls as he is with "straight actors." A long, rich, sprawling, easily digestible scrapbook.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,044

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Six guineas are offered for a triolet, one of the repeated lines of which shall be: "A piano tinkled in the room." Entries by February 28th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,041

Set by Richard Lister

Magazines nowadays have the habit on including potted biographies of their new contributors (e.g., " bespectacled, Left-wing ex-schoolmaster, he is 45, was educated at Harrow, is well known as a question-master in the B.B.C., prefers cats to dogs, etc."). Competitors are asked to imagine that any one of the following is a new contributor to a magazine and to write for him a potted biography of this kind. Limit 100 words. Carlyle, John Buchan, Lord Houghton, Tennyson, D. H. Lawrence, Swinburne, Conan Doyle, Ernest Dowson, W. S. Gilbert, Bradlaugh, Marie Corelli.

Report by Richard Lister

Competitors here showed more verve than literary tact. The problem was to " sell " the various persons to the readers of a particular magazine. That is to iron out anti-social eccentricities : to play down the qualities that might be thought to put the average reader off and to put him instead on equal terms with the Great by turning them into nice ordinary " chaps." The bulk of competitors instead dragged into the light irregularities that ought to have been ingeniously glossed over. And throughout they confused this kind of journalism with the language of film advertising. Among the last to be discarded were R. J. P. Hewison, Eva M. Steinicke, C. Servian, J. C. B. Date, and Francis Heritage. The runners up were Neal Bailey and Margaret Usborne. A guinea each to the six printed below.

MARIE CORELLI. Was intended to be an infant prodigy at the piano, in which career the ageing George Meredith encouraged her. Has wide talents, is self-taught novelist, antiquarian ; still plays piano at night. Dislikes towns, prefers retirement with a lifelong friend at Stratford-on-Avon, where she devotes herself to paddling her own gondola at all times. Authoress of many uplifting lady novelists in her books, she hates " Egotists, self-righteousness, everything modern," likes " Virtue, the New Look, clock patience, Gothic architecture." Psycho-analytic readers have long delighted in the distinctive sub-conscious images crowding her writing.

RICHARD HENDERSON

LORD HOUGHTON. Versatile and more conversationally adept son of " Single-Speech " Milnes ; educated privately, in Italy, and at Trinity College, Cambridge ; dilettante, man-about-town, Minister of the Arts without Portfolio ; has been everywhere (up in a balloon, down in a diving bell, round a harem); knows everybody (Carlyle, Disraeli, Tennyson, Hallam) ; has done everything (except fight a duel and marry Florence Nightingale) ; at his best after dinner, or at breakfast ; passions : reform and reformatories ; best remembered for a life of Keats, the London Library, and as Mr. Vavasour in *Tancred*.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

Tall, brown-haired, burly, pugilistic - looking ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE could be featured as the typical ideal Englishman if he were not a Scot. Educated Stonyhurst (but no longer a R.C.), and Edinburgh University, he is one more in the long line of medicos who have exhanged the stethoscope for the pen. Has put Baker Street on the map and Sherlock Holmes in the Strand, but is said to prefer history to detection. Like Smollett, was once ship's surgeon. Saw service in the Boer War, and made history out of the experience. Has recently discarded agnosticism in favour of spiritualism. Pet aversion (reputedly) : Sherlock Holmes.

G. J. ELUNDELL

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON, at 42, our new Poet Laureate. Educated at Cambridge, where he met Arthur Hallam, whose lamented early desth inspired Mr. Tennyson's great work *In Memoriam*. Has written many poems about King Arthur, his Knights of the Round Table, and their fair ladies. His latest volume—*The Princess*—is a long poem containing many delightful songs. Mr. Tennyson is a bearded romantic, with a taste for picturesque attire, and a beautiful voice ; a keen student of all branches of Nature. The Queen considers him almost equal to Mr. Martin Tupper. W. E. SMITH

MARIE CORELLI was adopted in childhood by a poet, which may or may not explain the fascination of her prose. Education in a French convent did not prevent her from writing a first novel at 22. Is now at the top of the tree and likes it. Specialises in morals and imagination. Hates the Devil and all his works, but finds them good copy. Disputes homage of Stratford with Shakespeare. Earnestly desires (1) to see all reviewers boiled in oil ; and (2) to beat the Bible as a best-seller. Holds fanmail record. ALLAN M. LAING

THOMAS CARLYLE, tall, stooping, youngish essayist and historian is Scotch-born and Chelsea domiciled. Moves in literary circles and believes in simple life. Married, he considers marriage stimulating to the artist. Likes talking, tea and tobacco ; dislikes talkers, romantic young men and the state of the world : chief interests, Germanic philosophy, the religions, climate. Talks with a Scotch accent, enjoys poor health, is busy on a book about clothes.

K. J. WEBB

CHESS : Middle-Game Uncharted

No. 24

It is certainly commendable to study the intricacies of opening theory and endgame technique, but it was a wise man who reminded us that between the opening and the endgame the Gods have put the middle-game.

Safely to get through the shallows is not too difficult if one has a good pilot (such as *Modern Chess Openings*) as a guide. It is only when reaching the wide, open, uncharted sea that the truly gifted player will get the advantage over the one who is merely assiduous. The transition from the opening to the middle-game—Reinfeld has written a good book about it—is probably one of the most interesting aspects of chess, and certainly most important for the practical player bent on improving his prowess.

Here is a case in point. See what different treatment was given to the same position reached by Spielmann (White) when emerging from a Caro-Cann against Carls (Baden - Baden 1925) and against Capablanca (New York 1927) respectively. Against the former's floundering defence he triumphed like this :

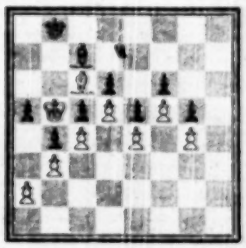
(1)	—	KR-Q1	(11) P-Q6 !	B x P
(2)	QB-Kt2	QR-B1	(12) R x B	Q x R
(3)	P-QB4	B-K2	(13) R-Q1	Q-K3
(4)	Q-K2	P-KK13	(14) Q x Q	P x Q
(5)	Kt-KR2	B-KB3	(15) R x Kt	R x R
(6)	B-KB3 !	Kt-KKt2	(16) Kt-B6 ch	K-B2
(7)	Kt-KK14	B-K2	(17) Kt x R	
(8)	QR-Q1	Kt-KR4		
(9)	P-Q5 !	KP x P	and Black resigned a few moves later.	
(10)	QBP x P	B-QB4		

Now see how Capablanca treated the same position :

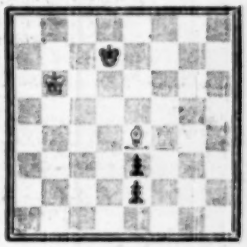
(1)	..... Kt-KB3 !	(5)	KR-K1 Kt x Kt ch
(2)	B-Kt2 P-K4 !	(6)	B x Kt R x R ch
(3)	P x P Kt x P	(7)	R x R R-K1 !
(4)	Q-KB5 KR-K1 !	and a draw was soon agreed.	

No floundering for Capa. in these dangerous waters. Centralising his Kt and resolutely simplifying the position, he soon nipped Spielmann's attack in the bud.

For this week's competition let us escape from unfathomable mid-ocean to the predictable hazards of the endgame.



In this queerly blocked position (Hinne - Kirchhammer, Berlin 1948), the game was drawn after (1) B-K8 ? K-Kt2 (2) B-Q7 B-Q1 (3) B-B6 ch K-B2 ! (4) K x P B-K2. Yet, in the diagram position White could have won. How ?



In this beautiful study by Reti, White wins, even though, at first sight it seems impossible to restrain Black from forcing a stalemate. How *does* White succeed ?

Usual prizes. Entries by February 27 (must be in first delivery !).

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REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 19

A : (1) R-R7, R-K1. (2) P-Q7, R-K2. (3) P-Q8, R x P. (4) R-R8 mate.
B : (1) B-Kt4, K-B2. (2) P-R4, K-K3. (3) P-R5, K-Q4. (4) P-R6, K-B3. (5) B-R5 ! P-Q4. (6) K-Kt2, etc.
C : (1) K-K7, P-Kt4. (2) K-Q5, P-Kt5. (3) P-K7, B-Kt4. (4) K-B5 !, B-Q2. (5) K-Q4, K-Kt2. (6) K-K4, K-B2. (7) K-B4, K-Q3. (8) P queens, B x Q. (9) K x P.

Though the Duras study seemed far from easy, dozens of competitors took it in their stride. No space to mention them all. Prizes shared by Melitta Seyd (our first lady competitor who added a nice endgame of her own), G. L. Scott-Cowell (for some particularly pains-taking comment), F. S. A. Kitto, and R. A. Slade who sent a neat companion piece to the Duras. (White : K on K2, B on KB8, P.s on QR5, QK15. Black : K on QB4, P.s on QR2, Q3). Kitto sent this amusing brevity :

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8) Q-B3	Q-B2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) Kt-B3	B-K2
(3)	B-B4	Kt-B3	(10) Kt-Q5	Kt x Kt ?
(4)	Kt-K15	P-Q4	(11) Q x P ch	K-Q1
(5)	P x P	Kt-R4	(12) Q x Kt ch	P x Q
(6)	B-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(13) Kt-B7 mate	
(7)	P x P	P x P		

Note about problem C last week : the Black King was missing ; he should be posted at Q1. Incidentally, on this unique occasion it is Black moving " up " and White " down."

ASTIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Psychology. Salary range £500-£750 (Australian) per annum, plus £120 per annum cost of living allowance, subject to superannuation contributions. Starting salary according to age, experience, and qualifications. One of the main duties of the lecturer will be to assist in developing a Child Guidance Clinic from the point of view of teaching and training students. Other things being equal, therefore, preference will be given to an applicant who has experience in clinical work, in individual and group testing, and in interview technique. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 13, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Chair of Social Science. Applications are invited for the Chair of Social Science. Candidates should possess some knowledge and experience of voluntary and statutory social services. Duties include the initiation and supervision of research projects. Particulars of qualifications, publications and appointments held, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than March 8 next. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Duties to commence September 29, 1950. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be expected to pursue research in some field related to the administration of the social services, and to assist in teaching. All applications must be sent not later than April 15, 1950, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant, Intelligence and Research, North American Service. Candidates should have good general education, should be familiar at first hand with North American affairs and should have good general knowledge of social and political structure of Canada and the United States. Acquaintance with the radio organisations of these countries is desirable; experience of general research methods is essential, together with ability not only to correlate but also to interpret statistics. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 maximum. It is possible that a second vacancy may occur later, the starting salary of which would be £470 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £30 to £680 maximum. Applicants should state in their applications whether, if they are not selected for the higher graded post, they would wish to be considered for the lower graded post. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Assistant, N. American Service, N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

ASSISTANT Keeper, Scottish Record Office. The Civil Service Commissioners announce four vacancies for Assistant Keepers, Second Class, in the Scottish Record Office. Candidates must be at least 22 and under 35 years of age on January 1, 1950; but candidates over 35 with very good qualifications may be admitted. Candidates must possess a University degree with at least second-class Honours, preferably in Scottish Law or Scottish History; they must also have a good knowledge of Latin and some knowledge of French. Salary scale for men (Edinburgh) for Assistant Keepers Second Class £420, rising to £585, and for Assistant Keepers First Class £685, rising to £1,070. The salary scales for women are somewhat lower. Particulars and form of application, which must be lodged not later than March 18, 1950, are available on application to the Keeper of the Records of Scotland, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh, 2.

THE United Nations Association and the United Nations Student Association invite applications for appointment as Travelling Secretary for Universities and Colleges and Secretary of U.N.S.A. Preference given to candidates with one or more of following qualifications, a good degree, real interest in international affairs, ability to speak convincingly and to organise meetings and vacation schools. Salary £350 p.a. Application forms may be had from U.N.A., 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, on receipt of stamped add. foolscap envelope.

THE Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Box 195, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, invites applications for the following posts: social anthropologists, urban sociologists, demographer, and historian. Starting salaries from £560 to £660, depending on experience. All research expenses paid, as well as passage to Northern Rhodesia. Applicants should state age, academic training, previous experience, and should submit list of referees as well as a medical certificate stating physical fitness for work in the tropics.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary Scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 - £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

SECONDMENT or appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Applications are invited from qualified men and women teachers willing to serve for three years as civilians with officer status in Army Children's Schools overseas. Scheme approved by the Ministry of Education and the Scottish Education Department. Burnham Scale plus London allowance, foreign service allowance, outfit allowance and free passages. Details and application forms obtainable from the Under-Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

APPEAL Officer required for United Nations Association to work in Southern Region. Salary £418 p.a. Send stamped addressed foolscap envelope for application form to U.N.A., 9 Merchants Place, Reading.

THE International School of Geneva.—Applications are invited for the following positions available September, 1950: One teacher for children aged 6-7 years. Experience in modern methods of beginnings of reading and number essential. Experience in music and craft and creative work desirable. One teacher for children 8-9 years. Should also have qualifications similar to above. Two teachers (one male, one female) for Middle School (age range 10-13 years) to teach basic subjects: English, arithmetic, social studies and, if possible, elementary General Science. Approximately 400 children of 36 nationalities at the School. Applicants should have strong personal concern for active pursuance of international understanding through education. Instruction is given in English to English-speaking children. Some knowledge of French necessary. Contract for minimum of two years desirable. Details re salary, conditions of teaching available on application to the Direction, L'Ecole Internationale, 62 Route de Chêne, Geneva. Applicants will be interviewed personally in London, 1st week in March.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal—Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited as soon as possible for the post of Lecturer in Music who should be interested and experienced in music-making by children and non-professionals. Pelham Scale salary, men £450-£850, women £400-£750. The Bath Academy of Art includes, among other activities, the Bath School of Art and a training college for men and women art teachers in schools of general education. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Educ. Dept., Guildhall, Bath.

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. Dining Hall Caterer and Supervisor. Applications are invited for the post of Caterer and Supervisor of the Dining Halls at King Edward's Schools, Edgbaston. Schools will shortly become vacant. Candidates should have Domestic Science training and, preferably, a Diploma of Institutional and Household Management. The main duties will comprise the provision of school meals for pupils of the Boys' School and the Girls' School, which are served from a common kitchen to separate dining halls on either side. The total number served daily is about 1,100. Teas and refreshments are also provided for pupils taking part in games and other out-of-school activities. The post is not residential. Salary: £350 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to £450 per annum, subject to 5% deduction for superannuation. Candidates may commence at a higher salary within the scale if their experience and qualifications permit. Applications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than March 4, 1950. C. C. Harries, Secretary.

YM.C.A. invites applications from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation and a good education with leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications to S. 12, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLLINS, the Publishers, have vacancies for assistants in their Publicity Department, Press, publishing or typographical experience essential. Salary in accordance with qualifications. Write R. J. Politzer, 14 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

SECRETARY wanted by publisher. Competent stenographer. Businesslike, pleasant voice, Leftish. K. T. P., Dixons, 1/9 Hills Place, W.1.

CITY of Manchester. Health Department. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the part-time or permanent appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Mental Health Service. Salary £370-£530 according to experience. Further particulars and forms of application, which should be returned by February 28, may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Manchester, 2. Philip B. Dingle, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Manchester, 2.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from men for appointment as Employment Assistant at the Dorking Youth Employment Bureau. Candidates should have good educational qualifications. A knowledge of administrative work and social work among young people is desirable but previous experience in a Youth Employment Bureau is not essential. Salary £395 × £15 to £440 per annum. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Forhill House Remand Home, Kings Norton. Resident or non-resident Instructor-Supervisor (single man if resident) required for general duties, games, and craftwork instruction with senior boys. Salary, £180 × £12 to £340, less emoluments of £78 per annum, if resident. Application forms and full particulars obtainable from undersigned at 202 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. (Please quote advt. No. 7264.) Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from women with good educational qualifications for appointment as Assistant Youth Employment Officer at the following Youth Employment Bureaux: (a) Sutton and Banstead Sub-Office; (b) Redhill and Oxted Sub-Office. Salary £354 × £12—£390 per annum (London allowance is payable at Sutton and Banstead). Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

NORTH Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. An experienced woman of good education and organising ability required to receive the outpatients and take charge of registration and appointments. Previous hospital experience an advantage but not essential in a person of ability and the right personality. Aged 26 or over. Salary: N.H.S. Clerical Grade, £146 × £12 to £382 p.a. Application, stating age, education, experience, with copies of three testimonials, to Secretary, Hospital immediately. Permission of Ministry of Labour required for person appointed.

NATIONAL Union of Students. Vacation Work Department. In connection with the annual Farm Camp Scheme it is proposed to make three seasonal appointments in the Department for the period April-October, 1950. The vacancies are most suitable for ex-service men entering college next session. Knowledge of office routine including typing is desirable for all three posts and for one a working knowledge of spoken French and German is essential. Salary for each post £275 p.a. Letters of application with names of two referees should be submitted to the Assistant Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Envelopes should be marked "Office Staff."

REQUIRED for educational publishers, Assistant in publicity department. Previous experience of writing copy for educational books essential. 5-day week. Reply, stating salary required, qualifications and experience. Box 4950.

TWO Leaders required for a boys' tented holiday camp in Norfolk from July 15-Sept. 9. Experience in youth leadership necessary. Applications with full details and salary required, in envelope endorsed JT DIGLEA, to Box 4650.

HEALTHY young woman, to look after mstroning side of new hostel-school for difficult children. Cheerful, energetic. Sympathy with enlightened methods more desirable than long experience, but some experience with children desirable. Minimum £150 p.a. plus full board and lodging. Apply immed. to David Wills, Baldenham Manor, Hereford.

MARRIED Couples required as Wardens for Volunteer Agricultural Camps accommodating 40 to 100 personnel at Reigate, Godstone, Hersham and Elstead. Applications in writing to Hostels Officer, S.C.A.E.C., "Elgin," London Rd. Guildford.

BOYS' Club Leader for age groups 10-18 years. Salary £200-£250 according to exp. and qualifications, plus board residence. Apply, giving full particulars and references, to The Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St., Dundee.

GIRL over 25, intelligent, capable, able to take responsibility, interested in and with some experience of children, wanted to help in constructive, worth-while work in private, residential nursery for under 5's. Nr. Tunbridge Wells. Box 4854.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Trades Union solicitor needs managing clerk. Salary £732 p.a. with good prospects. Intimate knowledge required of Factories Act, Industrial Accident Law and Common Law practice and procedure. Ideal post for progressive man or woman with ability and initiative. Box 4502.

ST. Christopher Home for Girls, Crosby, Liverpool. Housemistress, C. of E. Home for 30 schoolgirls all attending outside schools, duties consist of general supervision of girls out of school hours, and organisation of evening activities, games and music essential. Social Science Diploma or some teaching desirable. Commencing salary £390, rising by £12 yearly, less £78 board residence. Apply, stating age with ref.: Miss A. N. Pippard.

QUEEN'S Institute require: (1) Typist, no shorthand, but must have pleasant personality, age 25 to 30; (2) accounts clerk, good typist, no shorthand, but must be accurate at figures, age 21 to 25; (3) competent shorthand typist, age 21 to 25. Superannuation scheme, good holidays, pleasant offices. No Saturdays. Write with full particulars to: The General Secretary, Queen's Institute of District Nursing, 57 Lower Belgrave St., S.W.1.

FOOD Reform Cook required in April. Opportunity for preliminary work if desired. 130 residents both sexes. T.T. milk, eggs, vegetables from own Organic Farm. Apply Housekeeper, Long Dene School, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent.

SUPERIOR responsible person required replace children's nurse leaving to get married. Homely family. Mother engaged part-time professional duties. Children 9, 4 & 2. Other help kept. Guildford. Box 4961.

TUTOR needed next term for good but eccentric boy of 9. Mrs. Cowan, Newton House, Dalkeith, nr. Edinburgh.

MOTHER'S Help wanted. English or English-speaking. Mrs. Nowell-Smith, 9 Lathbury Rd. Oxford. Tel.: 58774.

DOMESTIC Help wanted London, capable and fond of children; pleasant modern home. £2 10s. weekly. Box 4815.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Lady, 21, secretary shorthand/typist, several years' experience, seeks change, preftly. country or abroad, interests literature, music, art, etc. Box 4640.

EDUCATED woman, 35, married, 3 children (9, 5, 4), glad suggestions of interesting work, not necessarily with children, where accom. obtainable, or 1 or more children welcomed. Domesticated, car driver, some hospital nursing exp. Froebel Certificate. Box 4693.

GENTLEWOMAN, middle-aged, sks. post as resident wkg. housekeeper in London. Willing & able take responsibility. Box 4711.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

BEDFORD College for Women (Univ. of London). The Council of Bedford College for Women (University of London) invite applics. for the Susan Stebbing Studentship, value £150, for postgraduate work in Philosophy; open to suitably qualified women graduates from any University. Apply to the Principal before May 1, 1950.

A MENDELSSOHN Scholarship of £300 for Musical Composition will be competed for by musical students of either sex, who are natives of Great Britain or any part of Ireland and under the age of 35 on July 1, 1950, which is the closing date for entries. For particulars, apply to the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. R. Stainer, The Outlook, St. Margarets at Cliffe, Dover.

SCHOOLS

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food, no evg. prep.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

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ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom. A Co-ed. Community (Boarding and Day). Aims: Co-operation, initiative, friendliness. Well-balanced education to General Certificate. Edge of Downs; excellent train, bus service. S.W. London. Harold A. Pratt, B.A.(Oxon).

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 2 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage, and with a well-balanced cultural background. Few vacancies. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.2305.)

PERSONAL

GOING to Sweden? Lady has modern Stockholm flat, 2 bed., bath, kitchen, frig. Low rent exchange for similar in London. 45 Engel Park, N.W.7.

HOME offered several months Edinburgh family to French or Swiss girl in exchange help one child. Box 4549.

HOLIDAY exchange. Small furn. house Leatherhead, offered in exch. for house/flat, I.O.W. or South Coast. 3 weeks. Box 4679.

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HOLIDAY exchange London furn. flat for simil. seaside (house /abroad). Box 4729.

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WAYFARERS Holiday Centres abroad include Belgium, Le Zoute, 8 days, £21 6s. 6d.; France, Dinard, 17 days, £25 17s.; Germany, Rhineland, 16 days, £34 5s.; Holland, Noordwijk-on-Sea, 15 days, £33 6s.; Norway, Solstrand, 15 days, £37 17s. 6d.; Spain, San Sebastian, 16 days, £42 5s.; Switzerland, Bernese Oberland, 17 days, £40 15s. 6d., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. (Est. 1920), 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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THE Ancient Wisdom, Occultism, Mysticism, Comparative Religion, Theosophy: Man—Body, Psyche and Spirit. For books on these subjects write/visit: Theosophical Bookshop, 68 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Catalogue free.

BOOKS, second-hand, pursed. For lists: Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Economica," 1934-45; Long runs "N.S. & N.," "Spectator," "Time and Tide," "Tribune," 1944/5; also "Times" and "Daily Telegraph," 1941/5; lists sent; Portuguese Linguaphone, complete, unused, £7; Linguaphone, Polish, new, £7; French Linguaphone, used once, £12; Typewriter, Standard 4-bank, £15; Complete home for four, modern caravan, offered at £310.

WANTED: Disraeli's "Venetia"; "The Irish Republic" by Dorothy Macardle, 3rd Edition 1938, any condition if text complete; Florio's "Montaigne" (O.U.P. Worlds Classics Edn.); Kraft-Ebbing's "Psychopathia Sexualis"; French Linguaphone set; Typewriter (Remington preferred), price secondary importance if good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evenings (ex. Mon.) 7. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Members.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

ATTIC Players present Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus," transl. E. F. Watling. Tavistock Little Theatre, W.C.1. Feb. 23, 24 & 25, at 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., from Treasurer, Dulwich College, S.E.21. GIP. 2038.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Feb. 19th, 7.30: "The Blum Affair" (A).

FRENCH documentary art films, Anglo-French Art Centre (CUN. 7854). Tues., Feb. 21, 8.30 p.m. Incldg. first showing of "Van Gogh." Film Soc. mems. & guests 2s. 6d.

BILINGUAL Poetry Reading. English and German poems and drama by Shakespeare, Eliot, Goethe, Rilke, etc. Original and translated. Dr. Karl Wolff (Lecturer). Olive Gregg, Joseph Macleod (English Readers); Li Nokden, Leo Bieber (German Readers). Tues. February 21, 7.45 p.m., at Club 1943, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Near Finchley Road Station. Guests: 1s. 6d.

CITY Opera Club produces "Figaro" in May. Future arrangements include "Idomeneo" & "Iphigenia." We need 200 Hon. Members. Please send sub. (10s.) to Hon. Sec., 5 Minstead Way, New Malden, Surrey.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 19, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Robert Masters Quartet; Mozart G mi; Fauré in C mi; Dvorak E flat, Piano Qts. Adm. 1s.

CHELSEA Town Hall, 7.30 p.m., Monday, February 20, Chelsea Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Norman Del Mar; Soloists: Flora Nielsen, Robert Keys: Sinfonietta, Poulenc; Alto Rhapsody, Op. 53, Brahms; Burleske, Strauss; Lieder, Wolf; Vier Orchesterstücke, Op. 12, Bartók. Tickets 8s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., Chappell's Box Office, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

FRANK Merrick. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall. Tuesday next, at 7. Bach, Beethoven, Gunnar de Frumerie, Bax, &c. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall and Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

BRITISH-Polish Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel. LAN. 6594). Dance to Harry Vardon's Band on Sat., Feb. 18, from 7.30-11 p.m. Entrance 2s. 6d. single, 4s. double.

FABIAN Grand Rally and Dance, organised by C.L.F.S., Fri., Feb. 24, 7 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Adm. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

FERNAND Leger, an Arts Council exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till March 19. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

FUSELI. An Arts Council exhibition of paintings and drawings. The New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Feb. 25. Week-days 10-6 (Tues., Thurs. 10-8). Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Geza Szobel & Modern French Enamels by S. & P. Fremont; also Etchings by Richard Hamilton.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131-134 New Bond St., W.1. New sculpture & drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. First Exhib. of Watercolours by Kenneth King. Recent Sculpture and Drawings by Eduardo Paolozzi and William Turnbull. Priv. View Tuesday at 3 p.m.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Art in Illustration. Paintings by Anne Grahame Johnstone & Janet Johnstone. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until March 4. Adm. free.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Sculpture by Eric Peskett. Feb. 8-March 4. 190 Kensington Church Street.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Betty Swanwick. Feb. 6-March 4. 1950. Daily 10.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Loan exhibition of paintings by Lovis Corinth. Recent paintings by Z. Ruszowski.

IRISH Crafts—wrought iron, trees, Aran Isle knitted goods, homespuns & spinning demonstrations. The Craftsman's Market at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Rolf Durig. Also paintings by Matthew Smith, Paul Nash & Christopher Wood, 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Stephen Bone—Urban Landscapes. Charles McCall—1st Exhibition; Fred Uhlman—Recent Paintings.

NETAJI House, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10 (Metropolitan Line, Latimer Rd. Stn.). Exhibition of paintings by the Indian Artist, Souza. Daily 10.30-5.30, Saturdays 10.30-2.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Mary Dickinson, Pauline Glass, and A. C. Winter.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"MODERN French Music." A lecture will be given by Norman Demuth, Hon. R.A.M., Hon. A.R.C.M., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Pl. Marble Arch, Th., Feb. 23, at 8 p.m. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

A. L. LLOYD talks on "Black and White Spirituals" with live and recorded illustrations at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1, Feb. 18, at 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. Workers' Music Association. PAD. 8570.

ESME Percy's Presidential Address: "G.B.S. and the Actor." Shaw Society, 57 Dean St., W.1, Feb. 24, 7 p.m (Chair: Harriet Cohen). Non-mems. 2s. Coming: Jack Lindsay, Constance Cummings, etc. Parties, from Sexy, 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Fortman St., W.1. Wed., Feb. 22, at 8 p.m.: "A Cabinet of The Arts." Ministers: Claude Rogers, John S. Weissman, Emanuel Litvinoff. Speaker: Rachel Caro. Non-mems. 1s.

YOUTH House, 230 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 20th, Betty Bartlett: "League for Democracy in Greece." 27th, Dr. B. Aldinson: "Vegetarianism."

"SCIENCE of Mind," lecture by Bessie J. Woods, M.A., associate of Dr. Frederick Bailes, the author of "Your Mind Can Heal You," Sun., Feb. 19, 3 p.m., Victoria House, Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Adm. free.

HYPNOTHERAPY. Further lectures and demonstrations by Warne-Beresford. See how the Russian confessions are obtained. Lewisham Town Hall, Catford, S.E.6, at 7.30 p.m. (doors open 7 p.m.), on Wed., March 1. Adm., reserved, 5s., 3s. 6d., others 2s. 6d. Also Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, at 7 p.m., Tues., March 7. Adm. reserved 5s., others 3s. 6d. Reserved tickets from Halls.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m., Mon., Feb. 20. Lect. by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., on "Birth Control Methods" with Lantern Slides, and a film of the Graefenberg Ring. Adm. 2s. Enqs. with stamped add. envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews W., W.1. WEL. 7840.

"YOGA and the World Crisis." Public Lecture by H. P. Shastri, Frl., March 3, Caxton Hall, Westminster. 8 p.m. Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. W. G. Brock on "The Philosophy of Martin Heidegger," Conway Hall, Wed., Feb. 22, at 7.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Society. Sun., Feb. 19, 7.45, Universal Restnt., 169a Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths). T. Ashcroft: "Browning's Men and Women."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall. Thurs., Feb. 23: "Psychology and Epistemology."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., Mr. L. G. Bishop: "Canada To-day."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Feb. 19: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "Half a Century of International Relations." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Feb. 19: Living Day by Day.

VIRGINIA FLEMMING: The Vulgarity of Capitalist Society. At the Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, February 19, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society. Spring Meeting. Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, Wed., Feb. 22, 6.30. Mr. J. G. Bennett (author of "The Crisis in Human Affairs"). Subject: "Consciousness in Buddhist Psychology."

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Large Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 21: C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit., "The Mind-Body Problem." Adm. free. Collection.

LONDON School of Economics Society. An Association Football Club has been formed, and the 1st annual general meeting will be held Tues., Feb. 28, 7 p.m., at London School of Economics. All former L.S.E. students, players & non-players, who are interested, are invited to attend. Particulars: A. Crystal, 3 Argyle Close, W.13.

ELECTION Rally, Metropolitan Theatre, Edgware Road, Sun., Feb. 19, 7 p.m. A challenge has been issued to all other candidates: speakers, Millen, Thorburn, Turner. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

APPLICATIONS are invited from social workers for places in the Mental Health Course beginning October, 1950. Grants are available for suitable applicants. This Course qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals, and Mental Health services in general. Candidates must already have qualified for social work by holding a Social Science Certificate, a Degree followed by practical training or other recognised equivalent. They must be aged at least 22, and preference will be given to those between the ages of 24 and 35 who have been employed as social workers. Applications may be made now, and must be received not later than April 30, 1950. Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics, Houghton St., London, W.C.2, where the Course will be held.

CLASSICAL Ballet, Central European, Dancing, Keep-fit. Day and evening classes for adults and children. Stella Mann, 8 Netherhall Gdns. N.W.3. and Dinely Studios, Marylebone High St., W.1. HAM. 9317.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1). The Shearman Memorial Lectures on "Fundamental Ideas and Problems in Meta-Mathematics," will be given by Professor Alfred Tarski (University of California) on March 2, 3, 7, 8, at 5 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

"THE World's Food and Britain's Needs." Conference at St. Pancras Town Hall, March 4 and 5. First Session: Saturday at 2.30 p.m.: Rothe's film "The World is Rich." F. Le Gros Clark and Julian Huxley. Second Session: Sunday at 10.30 a.m.: Sir R. George Stapledon and others, "Britain's Needs and Possibilities." Third Session: Sunday at 2.30 p.m.: Lord Boyd Orr on "World Resources and the Distribution of the World's Food." Tickets for each session 2s. 6d., obtainable from Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon St., W.1.

"DO the Ways to Peace Converge?" Residential Conference, Haywards Heath, March 24-27. Speakers: Lord Chorley, R. Palme Dutt, John W. Lawrence, Prof. Donald Mackinnon, Olaf Stapledon. Inclusive: £2 12s. Applications to: National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EASTER Conference of the Progressive League, April 6-10, at Collington Rise, Bexhill-on-Sea. "Vital Issues of To-day." Programme will include lectures by Gordon Rattray Taylor: "Problems of Social Cohesion," Prof. H. S. Massey: "The Atomic Energy Problem," Dr. J. C. Penton: "A Psychiatrist looks at the Law," Thomas Russell: "A Symphony Orchestra in England To-day" Recreations: Music and poetry, dancing, rambles, country-dancing, etc. Fees: Mems. £3 12s. 6d., non-mems. £3 17s. 6d. Apply, with full fee, to A. C. Rankin (Hon. Sec.), 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Centre for Continued Studies, Primrose Hill, Bristol Road, Birmingham, 29. The following events are open to public participation: Study Tour on Alpine Flora—Switzerland, June 10-24: £36 18s. Study Tour on Art and Architecture of N. Italy—Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Siena, Arezzo, Venice, July 10-August 13, or beyond: 43gns. Particulars from Secretary.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind. Arrangements for a Training Course for Prospective Home Teachers of the Blind are in course of preparation. The Course will commence late September or early October, 1950, and continue until the end of June, 1951. It will prepare candidates for the examination for the Home Teaching Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind to be held in July, 1951. Candidates must be between 21 and 40 years of age on the date of the examination. This Certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, the usual salary paid being £390 by annual increments of £15 to £435 per annum. The fee for the Course is sixty guineas and full details can be obtained from the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Blenheim Terrace, Leeds, 2.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others), Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7222.

SPANISH Vacation Course in April. Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: KEN. 3139.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

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HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. V1193, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE University of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies will hold a Summer School in Slavonic languages in Paris, July 29 to August 26, 1950. For information please apply: Secretary, University of London School of Slavonic & East European Studies, London, W.C.1 (MUS. 9782/3).

"THIS England." A holiday course for British and foreign people on English life, culture and institutions with frequent visits to places of beauty and interest. Holly Royde Residential College (University of Manchester Extra-Mural Department), Palatine Road, Withington, Manchester, 20. July 1-29. Fee £18 (or £4 12s. 6d. a week) and cost of visits. Prospectus from the Warden.

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MASTER at Prep. School, wife, daughter, quiet, considerate, urgently need accommodation 7 miles Sutton, Surrey. Box 4694.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 202 and 203

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